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No. 1,618

DECEMBER 1, 1900

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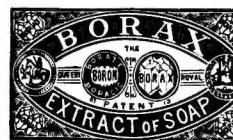


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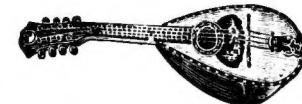
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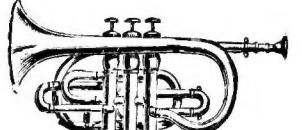
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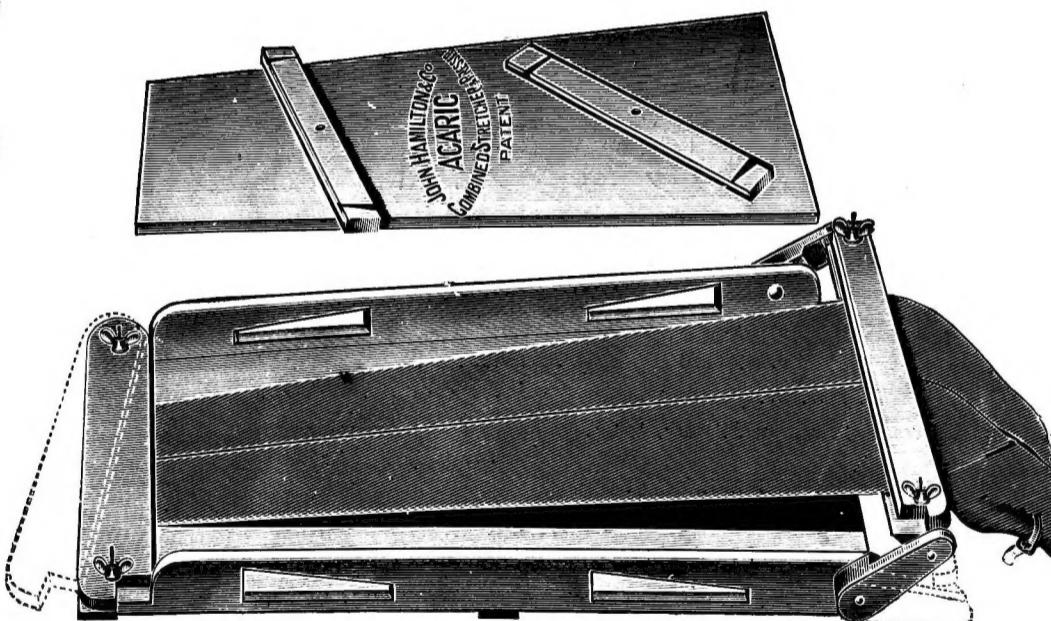
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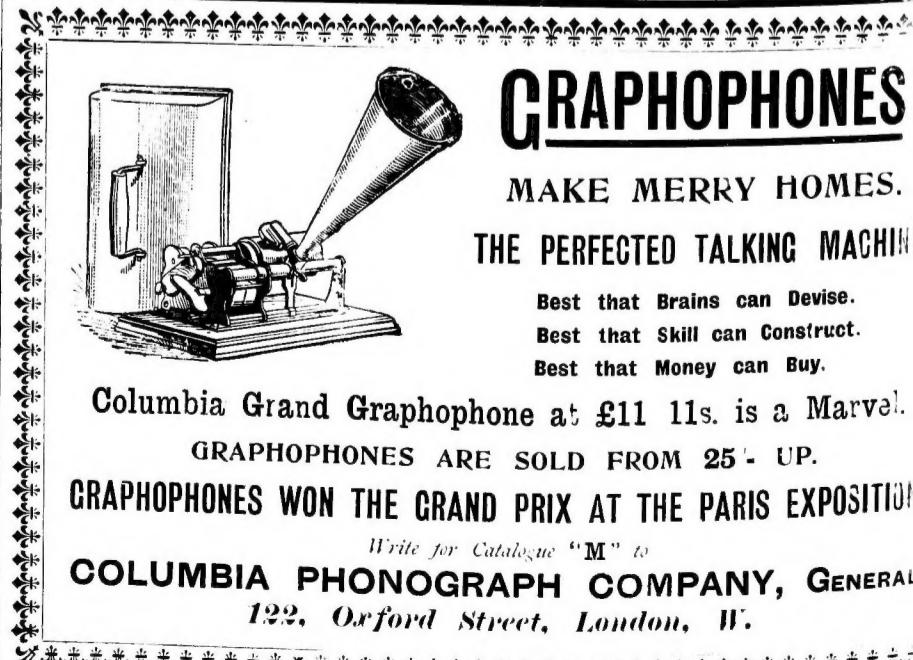
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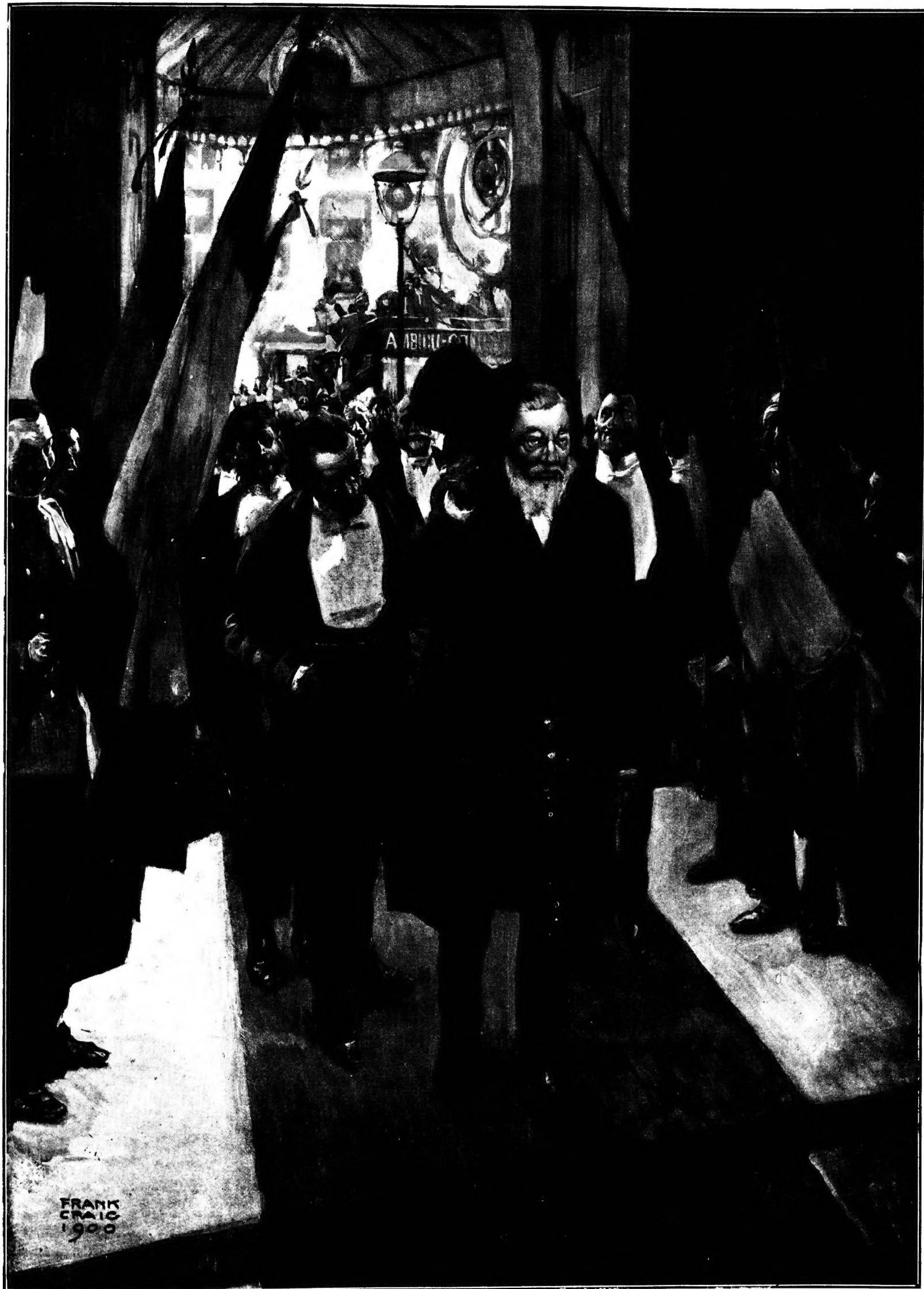
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DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

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The standard-bearers of the various associations marched by the side of Mr. Kruger's carriage from the quay to the Hotel Noailles. When they reached the latter place they lined up on either side of the entrance, and Mr. Kruger passed into the building through an avenue of flags

MR. KRUGER AT MARSEILLES: THE ARRIVAL AT THE HOTEL NOAILLES

## Topics of the Week

**The Coming Session** THE new Parliament will meet for the first time on December 3, and the public is somewhat languidly speculating as to what is likely to occur. The programme of the Government is sufficiently clear. Parliament has been summoned together to vote the extra supplies needed for the war in South Africa, and possibly in addition a substantial sum for the military operations in China. There is no probability that any new taxes will now be imposed to provide the money. If that necessity arises at all it will not be before the regular time for the presentation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget in the spring. For the moment all that is needed is authority from Parliament to borrow more money. As soon as that authority has been given the Government will certainly propose either to prorogue Parliament, or to adjourn the sittings until after Christmas. But what will the Opposition do? An eff cive Opposition, if there were one, might do a good deal. It might ask, in the first place, why the Government waited till after the General Election before confessing that more money would be needed for the war. A strong Opposition might also make a good deal of play of the fact that thirteen months ago, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer presented his first estimates for the South African War, the sum asked for was 10,000,000/, and the House was then told that the estimate had been prepared with more than usual care by the War Office, and that every contingency had been provided for. We have already spent over 70,000,000/ on the war, and there seems a possibility that, before the war is over, the total cost may be very close upon 100,000,000/. That is not the fault of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. His only duty has been to provide the money demanded by the War Office. What the country wants to know is why the War Office was so hopelessly incapable of estimating the magnitude of the task that lay before it. To obtain an answer to that question would carry us a long way towards the effective reform of our Army organisation. But there is little likelihood that the present Liberal Party will put this or any other question effectively before the House. Half of that Party is quite incapable of discussing anything except the alleged crimes of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Rhodes. For its own gratification it will probably force the House to waste days in listening to idle repetitions of ancient slanders. The serious men on either side, who think more about their country than about the personality of any politician, will probably only get a chance of being heard when the House has been wearied out with all this vapid talk. It is a most grave misfortune for the country that at a time when healthy criticism of the Government is urgently necessary in the interests of good administration, there is no strong Opposition in the House of Commons capable of forming an intelligent and coherent judgment upon the issues that lie before us.

**Humpty-Dumpty** ONE cannot help thinking sadly of a certain hero of nursery rhyme when one reads of the enthusiastic homage offered to Mr. Kruger in France, and of the ceremonial fictions by which he was surrounded in Paris. Humpty-Dumpty was a sort of Kruger of his day. If the truth were known it would doubtless appear that after his historic fall all the King's horses and all the King's men did their best to cheer him up, and even treated him as a reigning Sovereign without the qualification of incognito. But their genuflections and their cheers, and the high sounding titles with which they addressed him, could not alter the tragical facts of the case. They could not, in short, "put Humpty-Dumpty together again." Even so is it with Mr. Kruger. The cheers of the emotional people of Marseilles and Dijon, the more calculated frenzy of the *patriots* of Paris, the ceremonial at the Elysée, and the courtesies of M. Loubet and M. Delcassé fill many columns in the newspapers and give the *baduels* much to talk and gesticulate about, but they cannot resuscitate the South African Republics or make Mr. Kruger the President of one or the other of them. Nor is anybody deceived on this point. The enthusiasm in France has been presented in as ebullient a form as it could well be, and yet the profitlessness of it has never for a moment left men's minds. If this had not been so we should have

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heard more of demonstrations against Great Britain. The warmth of Mr. Kruger's welcome was in part due to a very genuine feeling that he was a victim of oppression, a sort of modern William Tell or Andreas Hofer. With that feeling, mistaken though it undoubtedly is, we cannot quarrel. We have often felt the same ourselves, and we have given similar expression to our emotions. A still more important element in the demonstration was the attitude of the Nationalists, who hoped by organising the pro-Boer sympathies of the populace to bring about a conflict with the Government. They calculated that the authorities would be restrained by diplomatic exigencies from countenancing the popular outbreak, and that they might even commit the *bêtise* of attempting to stifle it. Of this also we do not complain for the double reason that it was artificial and that it was exclusively a question of domestic politics. Moreover it failed. Curiously enough, however, it was precisely by its failure that the demonstrations were enabled to assume their most imposing forms. Thanks to Lord Salisbury, who refrained from a sterile notification of an annexation which is already sufficiently solid to dispense with diplomatic recognition, the French Government were enabled to dish the Nationalists by identifying themselves with the popular enthusiasm and by crowning it with official sanction. Here, again, we have no reason for complaint. The level-headed men who rule in France to-day are far too astute to become the victims of an agitation which they have already turned so skilfully to their own profit. They have officially saluted Mr. Kruger for the sake of domestic peace; they are scarcely likely to allow him to induce them to endanger the international peace. That Mr. Kruger still hopes for a more solid issue to his mission is, of course, clear, and owing to the shouting and flattery of which he has been and still is the object he will, perhaps, only slowly realise how hopeless his cause really is. His disillusionment, however, will come. The misfortune is that its postponement may retard the final submission of his burghers, who are still shedding their blood in infatuated trust in his statesmanship.

**The Chinese Deadlock** ALTHOUGH the Powers have at last come to agreement respecting the terms of Chinese submission, it cannot be said that any material progress is made towards a friendly settlement. The Empress-Dowager still protests that she will not return to Peking unless the punishment of Prince Tuan and the other incriminated Ministers is left altogether in her hands, and were the Powers to agree to that it is very certain that the murderous crew would get off scot-free. On the other hand, unless they do agree, it is extremely difficult to see how the Government of the Celestial Empire can be carried on without bringing its disintegration within very measurable distance. Partition is such an ugly word that the Powers shrink back from it whenever any allusion is made to the possibility of its becoming an accomplished fact. But it is simply beyond dispute that any prolonged maintenance of their armed occupation of the seat of Government, coupled with the absence of the solemnly constituted authorities, would produce a state of affairs not very dissimilar from dismemberment. The truth is that the Empress-Dowager, with her usual cleverness, has managed to retain the key of the whole position. With the resources of nearly the whole Empire at her disposal she can well afford to stay at Si-ning-fu until the outer barbarians quarrel among themselves, as they are pretty certain to do sooner or later. Already there is bad blood between England and Russia in connection with the latter's annexation of the Northern Railway, and this ill-feeling has been increased by Prince Uktomsky's delay in giving effect to the Tsar's recent promise to give up possession of the line to the Allied Powers.

**Egg Culture** THE National Poultry Organisation Society does not disclaim any intention of teaching people how to become rich "beyond the dreams of avarice" by keeping laying hens. Farmers can add to their incomes by doing so simply because they have nothing additional to pay for food, labour, or grass-runs. To some extent their labourers are similarly circumstanced, while the indigent lady who has retired to some rural cottage in a cheap locality to eke out her scanty means has a fair chance of making a few pounds a year, provided she converts all household scraps into fowl food, and does all the work incidental to poultry keeping without paid assistance. When these governing conditions are fulfilled, the only outlay is for some meal to mix with the household leavings, a small liability compared with incomings from the surplus eggs. There still remains, however, the difficulty of securing a market. On the Continent, that stumbling-block has long been surmounted by employing collecting vans to go from cottage to cottage at short intervals, buying for ready cash whatever eggs may be on hand. The Organisation Society proposes to make experiment with the same method by establishing branches and collecting depôts at such places as are prepared to guarantee a reasonable supply. In the meanwhile, the small egg-producer cannot go wrong by adopting preservative methods. There is, no doubt, some little difference between those treated in this manner and fresh laid. But a thoroughly greased egg will keep sufficiently fresh for some months provided the greasing be done shortly after its production.

## The Bystander

"Stanley" — CAPTAIN C. L. C.

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY

AMONG the advantages we enjoy in the present day is being able to look in at the club of an evening and see the very latest telegrams neatly printed and displayed on a board for our special edification. Possibly it requires a special education to read these papers, or perchance the agency thinks that a few word-puzzles or double-acrostics turned inside out, may contribute to the enjoyment and light-heartedness of club-members. I am sure I do not know how this may be, but I have a clear recollection of being absolutely puzzled at the club the other evening. This is what I read: "The British residents in Harrismith have presented to the Porte of the Presbyterian church a eulogistic address, together with a purse of one hundred sovereigns, &c., &c." Now, the last part of this is easy to understand, but I freely confess the beginning is altogether beyond my comprehension. What can the ordinary reader of the Queen's English make out of that cryptic collection of twenty-four letters and four numerals? If there are many more of these word-puzzles or conundrums connected with latest intelligence I shall certainly cease to read telegrams at the club or evening. They are calculated to keep you awake all night.

Speaking of a recent case where a music licence to a restaurant was unsuccessfully opposed the *Westminster Gazette* said the other day: "There are many diners-out in restaurants who will probably grant too many of these licences." With this I most cordially agree. I look upon music at dinner as an absolute nuisance. In the first place, it interferes with conversation, which constitutes half the charm of a dinner. In the second place, unless the programme is strictly in harmony with the menu, it leads to indigestion. This is, of course, impossible to arrange when a large number of people are dining in the same room at different times. Another thing, if a popular air is being played you frequently feel compelled to eat to the tune. This not only prevents you enjoying your dinner, but makes you look like a toomfool. Depend upon it the less music there is in public restaurants the better pleased the diners will be. If you give a private dinner and your *chef* and the leader of your band talk the matter over between them and manage to establish a delicate harmony between matters musical and culinary, that is altogether a different matter.

On the architectural merits of the plans of the buildings for the new street which have been recently exhibited at the gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, I do not for one moment presume to express an opinion. But I am more than ever convinced in what I have said from the very first, that the big crescent at the Strand end is altogether a mistake, and that one of the finest schemes for the improvement of London will be robbed of half its splendour by splitting a noble avenue into two branches in the manner proposed. The opportunity for a fine straight road so grand in its simplicity and simple in its grandeur—has been altogether missed, and, if I mistake not, by the course taken the expense of the improvement has been considerably increased.

Those who have expostulated with me with regard to my remarks concerning the proper control of motor-cars will perhaps be surprised to learn that there are many other people who hold the same views as I do. "Dogberry," in the *City Press*, is clearly of the opinion that something should shortly be done in the matter. In commenting upon the authorised twelve miles an hour he remarks: "In unfrequented lanes such a speed is in no way excessive, but certainly it is too great in our busy thoroughfares. The danger is rendered all the greater by the fact that not a few of the drivers are mere tyros and can neither steer deftly nor apply the brake promptly." In Russia no one is allowed to cycle in the public streets until he has gone through a severe test of his skill and has received a certificate of his proficiency from the police. It would not be all a bad idea if such a system could be applied to the drivers of motor-cars. Probably none but the inefficient would object to it.

The Wemmickarian Society, which I once attempted to establish for the simplification of weddings, has not prospered much lately. According to the newspaper reports, however, the Duke of Manchester's wedding seems to have been very much in harmony with the principles of the aforesaid association. We read that Miss Grace travelled to the church "in a hansom, accompanied by Mr. Lambart, and was closely followed by a one-horse brougham, in which Miss Zimmermann and Miss Evans, aunt to the bride, were seated." How refreshing is the simplicity of this proceeding, as how much more dignified than the ostentatious vulgarity of elaborate wedding celebrations.

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# The Court

THE QUEEN will remain at Windsor about three weeks longer before going to the Isle of Wight for the Christmas season. This week Her Majesty has had the pleasure of welcoming the Duchess of Albany, who was so often with the Queen when living at Claremont, and who has been much missed from the Royal circle. The Duchess and her daughter, Princess Alice, are over for several weeks, leaving the young Duke at his studies at Potsdam. Among other guests have been Prince Victor Napoleon and his brother, Prince Louis, who are staying with the ex-Empress Eugenie at Farnborough. Princess Beatrice went over to lunch with the ex-Empress one day and met the Princes. Countess Theodore Gleichen has been staying at the Castle, and the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Sir Charles Scott, with his wife, came down to dine and sleep, as well as the new Secretary of State for War. The Bishop of Winchester also spent Saturday to Monday at Windsor to preach before the Queen and Royal Family on Sunday. A special interest attached to the visit of Prince Francis of Teck, who lunched with Her Majesty on Sunday, for the Prince brought the last news of Prince Christian Victor, having been with him to the end and acted as chief mourner at the funeral. There was a gathering of Ministers at the Castle on Monday, when the Queen held a council.

The Queen has taken much interest in the new drive just made in Windsor Park, and has christened it "Queen Victoria Avenue." The drive is close to the Prince Consort Memorial, between Cumberland Gate and Virginia Water, and is half a mile long.

There is another birthday party at Sandringham this week, this time in honour of the Princess of Wales. The Prince returned on Saturday, having spent a day in town after staying with Lord and Lady Farquhar at Castle Rising. He had good sport in the preserves with his host, and much enjoyed driving in Lord Farquhar's motor-car. Lord and Lady Savile came down on Saturday, and next day the Prince and Princess, with their family and guests, attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where Canon Hervey preached. On Monday the Duke of Cambridge arrived, the Duke being rarely absent from the birthday gatherings. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Earl and Countess De Grey, Lord James of Hereford, and Mr. and Mrs. Willie James completed the party. With such good guns as the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of Cambridge and York to lead them the guests have had full bags in their daily shooting parties. The Princesses and other ladies of the party generally join the sportsmen to lunch before driving in the afternoon, and as the Prince and Princess now have all their three daughters with them the family gathering is complete. The Duchess of York was away for a day or two, going to town to welcome home her brother, Prince Francis of Teck, from South Africa, but she came back in time for the birthday festivities to-day (Saturday). These consist of a dinner party at Sandringham House, and the usual feast to the women and girls on the Royal estate, the men having previously had their turn on the Prince's birthday.

Princess Beatrice will open the exhibition of Irish Industries to be held at the Windsor Guildhall on the 12th inst.

Empress Frederick continues to improve, and it is confidently hoped that she may be well enough to travel to the Riviera before long. The German Emperor is frequently at Cronberg to see his mother, while her married daughters, the Princesses Aiolphus of Schaumburg-Lippe and Frederick Charles of Hesse, spend much time with the Empress.

The head of the House of Bonaparte, Prince Victor Napoleon, now staying in England—is at last likely to take a wife. Political considerations have hitherto cramped his choice, but the Bonapartes being favourites in Russia, where the younger brother, Prince Louis, is an officer in the Army, Prince Victor is said to covet a bride from the Russian Imperial House. He wants to marry the Grand Duchess Hélène, only daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir, a charming girl of nineteen, and half a Frenchwoman, as her mother, the Grand Duchess, and herself are constantly staying in Paris or on the Riviera. Prince Victor is thirty-eight and a devoted believer in the Napoleonic tradition. His house at Brussels is a perfect museum of Napoleonic souvenirs. By the by, it would be a curious coincidence if a second Pretender to the French Throne took up his abode in Brussels. The Due d'Orléans has been thinking about living in the Belgian capital.

Tsar Nicholas mends steadily and slowly. He keeps up his strength, and the doctors declare his condition most satisfactory, while the mild weather greatly favours his speedy recovery. The Tsar is a very obedient patient, and is not likely to incur the danger of a relapse through imprudence. The accounts of another ailing Sovereign, King Oscar of Sweden, are not so favourable. Though he can now drive out, the King is very feeble, and seems unable to take up his work at present.

The tragic memories now haunting Monza, the late King of Italy's favourite home, will prevent any of the Royal Family ever living there again. The beautiful villa is shut up, and its art treasures are divided among the other Royal palaces, while all the employees are pensioned off. Queen Margherita, in particular, feels that she cannot bear to see again the spot where her husband died.

Emperor William's taste for yacht racing has been sharpened by recent successes, and he has decided on having a new and improved boat built at Glasgow. Mr. Watson, the well-known yacht-boat, is to design the Emperor's latest racing cutter.

## To VISITORS TO LONDON.

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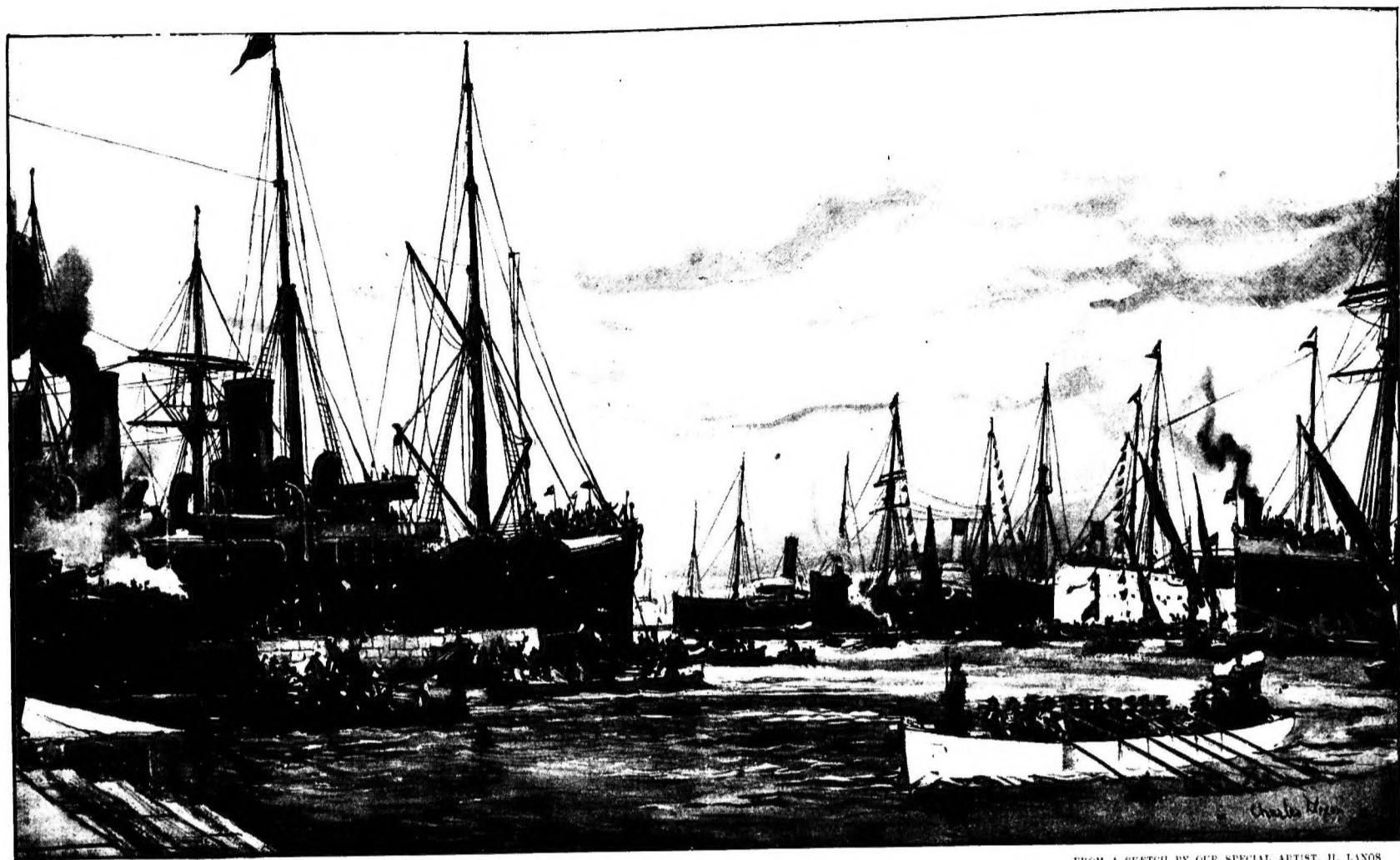
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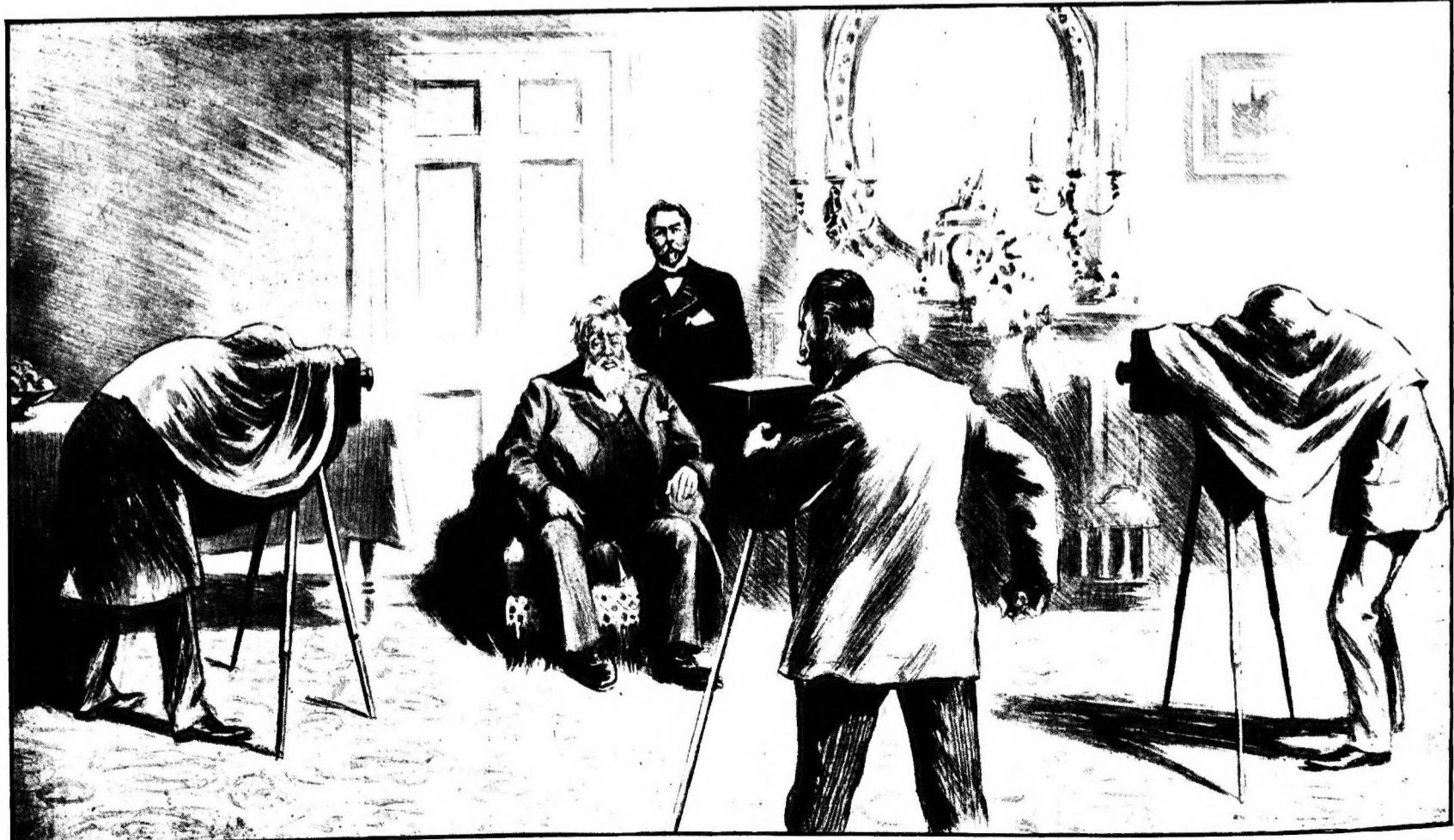


DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON

It was eleven o'clock when the *Gelderland*'s cutter, manned by a dozen Dutchmen, put out for the shore with Mr. Kruger on board. The ex-President took his seat at the stern of the boat, accompanied by Dr. Leyds, Mr. Eloff, and some of his former Ministers. As the cutter passed through the line

formed by the Transatlantic and Messageries vessels, and the features of Mr. Kruger were distinguished, the cheers, which had already begun, redoubled, and increased in volume until the landing-stage was reached

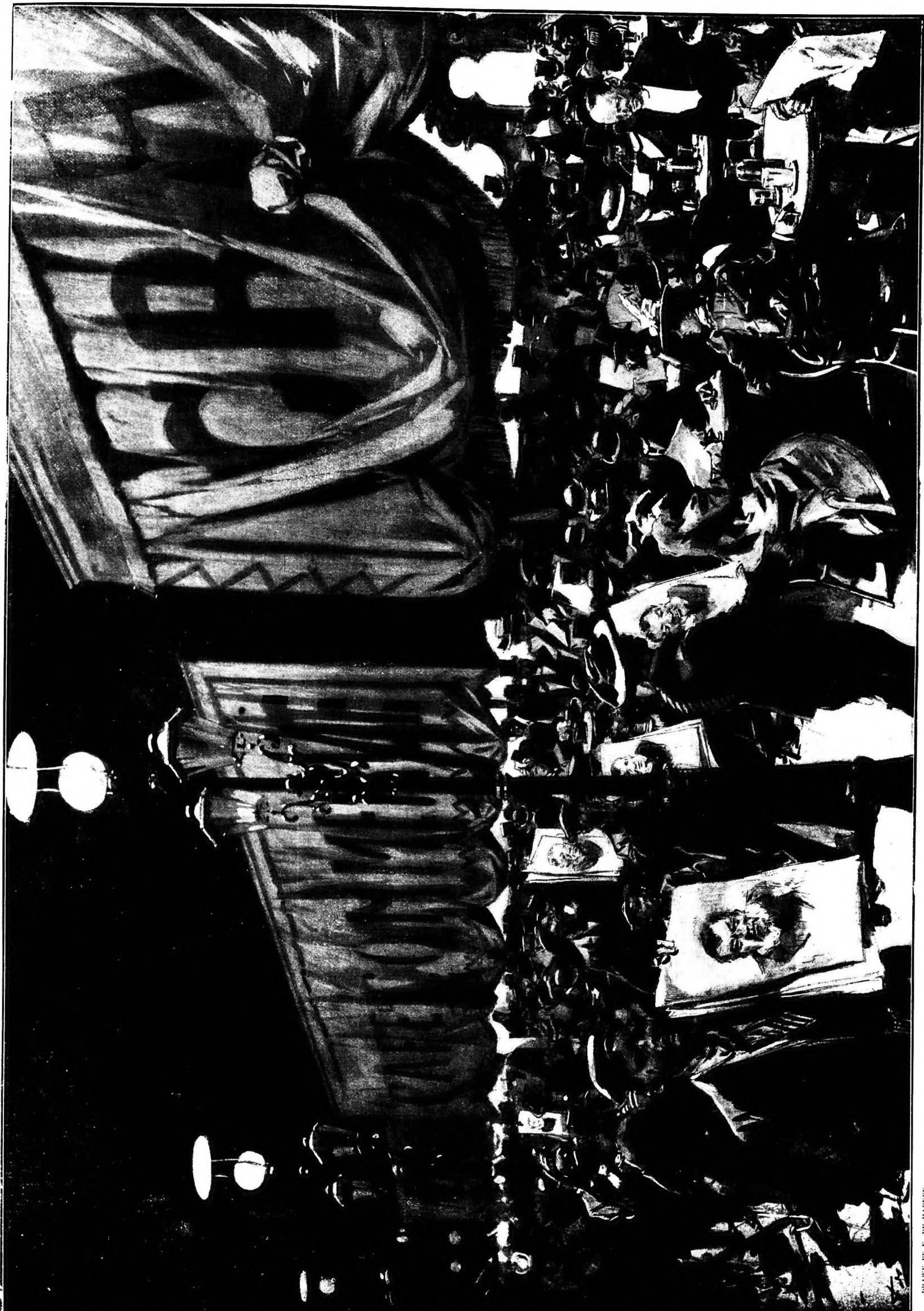
MR. KRUGER'S ARRIVAL AT MARSEILLES: THE CUTTER BRINGING THE EX-PRESIDENT TO THE LANDING-STAGE



Before leaving Marseilles Mr. Kruger was persuaded to sit for his portrait. To three photographers he gave a sitting simultaneously. He was photographed without his hat, and as he has grown his moustache his appearance has changed considerably

MR. KRUGER AT MARSEILLES: SITTING FOR HIS PORTRAIT

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, H. LANOS



DRAWN BY F. DE HAES

On the evening of the arrival of Mr. Kruger at Marseilles, while the banquet was taking place at which Dr. Leyds and Mr. Van Houten spoke in Mr. Kruger's absence through fatigue, a large and compact crowd filled the Cannabiere and the Rue Nouilles. The gates, which were brilliant with electric lights, were packed, and the canedots, with portraits of Mr. Kruger and Transvaal emblems, pushed their wares vigorously.

MR. KRUGER AT MARSEILLES: THE CAFES IN THE CANNABIERE AND THE CAMBRELOT

FROM A SKETCH BY H. LANOS



LEADS IN THE ENVIRONMENT 121

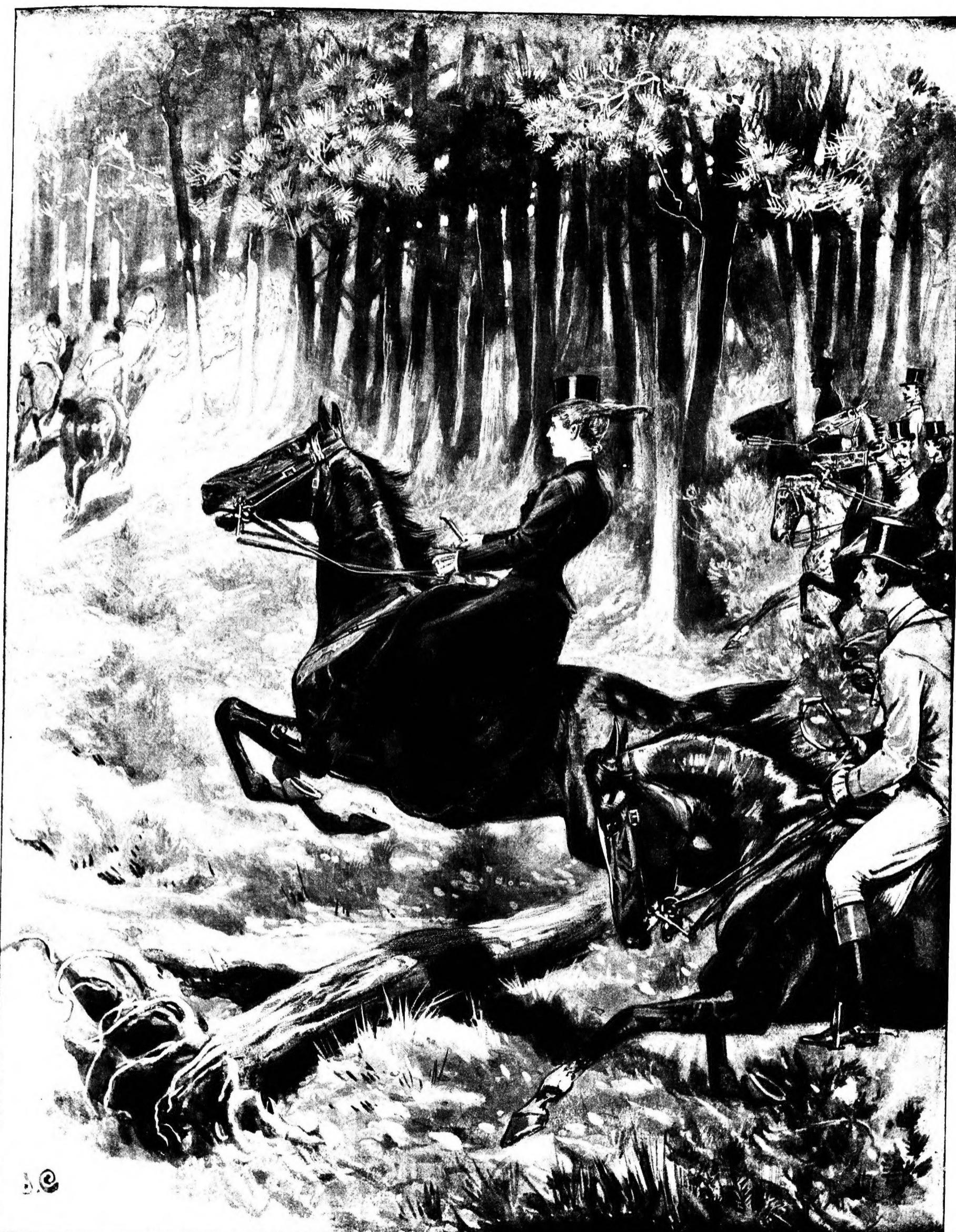
ASSOCIATION, 1866.

Accompanying Mr. Krueger in the cutter from the *gold* *land* were Dr. Leeds and several of his former Ministers, who had been in close contact with him on board the *Leviathan* during his long absence. The *gold* *land* was seeking fresh coal, and was to have been at the port of Callao on the 1<sup>st</sup> of November.

Assured of enabling this consultation to take place, Following the first boat was a second in which were Mrs. Elff and Miss Gauthier, her Sister. In a few minutes the cutter was alongside the landing stage. As soon as the features of Mr. Krueger were distinguished the effects mingled with cries of "Vive Krueger" and "Avant les Boers" rebounded. Dr. Leeds was the first to land and he led out his men to help Mr. Krueger, who stepped ashore more readily than any of the others.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, H. LAXOS

THE BOSTONIAN 113



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG

THE GERMAN EMPRESS TAKING PART IN A BOAR HUNT AT THE GRUNEWALD, NEAR BERLIN

## Our Portraits

PREBENDARY WHITTINGTON was one of the most familiar figures in the ecclesiastical and civic life of London. He was born in 1825, and educated at St. Paul's School and at Cambridge. He came up to London and began a schoolmaster's career, first at Islington Proprietary School, and then at Merchant Taylors', where he stayed until 1882. Simultaneously, having been ordained, he worked as a London curate, and was Lecturer at St. Peter's, Cornhill. To the latter living, which afterwards became one of the richest in the Kingdom, he was appointed by the Corporation of London in 1862. His Bishop gave him a Prebendal Stall in St. Paul's, many Lord Mayors made him their chaplain, and he rose to be Master of the Merchant Taylors' Company. He was a ready helper of almost every diocesan enterprise, and worked hard for many London charities. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Mr. John Lawson Johnston, the inventor of Bovril and chairman of the company bearing that name, had been in failing health for some time, and recently went to the Mediterranean. The immediate cause of his death, which took place on his steam yacht *White Lady*, was syncope. Mr. Lawson Johnston was born at Roslin, Mid-Lothian, in 1839, and was educated in Edinburgh. His abilities in connection with the concentration of food products were recognised by the French Government during the Franco-German War, and in 1874 he was commissioned to go to Canada and investigate the question of concentrated provisions. His experience during a lengthened stay in the Dominion led to the invention of Bovril. Mr. Lawson Johnston held the Royal Humane Society's gold medal for saving life, and was a Fellow of the Red Cross Society of France. Our portrait is by Elliot and Fry, Baker Street.

The Rev. H. Vyvyan, formerly Rector of St. Mary's, Castlegate, recently distinguished himself as one of the heroes of a very plucky deed. A large barque went ashore on the Stass Rocks, near the Lizard, and the lifeboat from Cadgwith went out under the conduct of a crew which included several volunteers, one of whom was the Rev. H. Vyvyan, who is the Vicar of Cadgwith. In spite of the very heavy sea they succeeded in rescuing the whole of the shipwrecked crew. Only the stern of the wreck remained above water when the lifeboat reached the scene. Our portrait is by Debenham, York.



THE LATE PREBENDARY WHITTINGTON  
Of St. Paul's Cathedral



THE LATE MR. LAWSON JOHNSTON  
Inventor of Bovril



THE REV. H. VYVYAN  
Who helped to save a shipwrecked crew



Senor del Fuente   The Duchess of Canevaro  
(Slightly injured)   (Badly injured)  
The Duke of Canevaro   Senor Elster  
(Killed)   (Killed)  
THE PERUVIAN MINISTER TO FRANCE, HIS WIFE, AND TWO MEMBERS OF THE LEGATION  
VICTIMS OF THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

## Kruger in Paris

FROM OUR OWN  
CORRESPONDENT

THE severe attack of Kruger from which the French have suffered for the past week will, I think, have any lasting effect. This is due to the fact that the French have no real knowledge of the South African question, or less knowledge of the Boers, bottom they take no interest in them except as the enemy of England. That first, last, the time is their claim to French sympathy, and the moment cease to play the part no further interest will be taken in them. In fact, when the country is pacified, if a subscription is opened in Paris to aid the Boers to rebuild their ruined homes, I am confident it would not bring in a thousand pounds. The fact is, which the Government dodged all the shares laid for them by the Nationalist party was very skilful. This is with an amusing incident, a practical joke on the part of M. Lépine, Prefect of Police, who is a man of wit and not wanting in humour. M. Grebaud, M. Lucien Malvy, M. Lasies and other lights of the Nationalist party had arranged to sit in the procession from the railway station immediately behind the carriage of the ex-President, and receive a share of the acclamations of the multitude. M. Lépine, however, instructed the Mounted Republican Guards to take Mr. Kruger's carriage along at a smart trot. As soon as the procession started, by a most unfortunate accident, the police allowed the crowd to close in behind the ex-President's carriage, thus bringing the Nationalist leaders' carriage to a standstill, while that of Mr. Kruger, thanks to its mounted escort, trotted on. The result was that instead of basking in the reflected glory of the ex-President of the Transvaal they came on all by themselves twenty minutes later unnoticed by the crowd. Then the promptitude with which M. Loubet received Mr. Kruger further disconcerted the Nationalists. They had hoped a couple of days' interval would elapse in which M. Waldeck-Rousseau would be represented as beseeching Lord Salisbury's permission to receive him, and when the reception did take place it could have been represented as forced upon the Government by the force of Nationalist opinion. But M. Waldeck-Rousseau knows his countrymen and returns them a Roland for a Oliver.



A very serious railway accident took place the other day in the South of France. The up Southern express, leaving the Spanish frontier at 10 and running seventy miles an hour, went off the rails at St. Vincent-de-Tyrosse, between Bayonne and Dax, and fell over the embankment. Seventeen persons were killed and twenty were injured. Among those killed were the Duke of Canevaro, Peruvian Minister in Paris, and Senor Alfred Elster, Attaché to the Peruvian Legation in Madrid. The Duchess of Canevaro had both her legs broken, and Senor del Fuente, Secretary to Senor Canevaro, escaped with slight injuries. The accident is attributed to a subsidence of the permanent way.

THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR BAYONNE: VIEW OF THE DERAILED TRAIN



MRS. ELOFF, MRS. KRUGER'S GRANDDAUGHTER



DR. VAN HAMEL, MR. KRUGER'S INTERPRETER

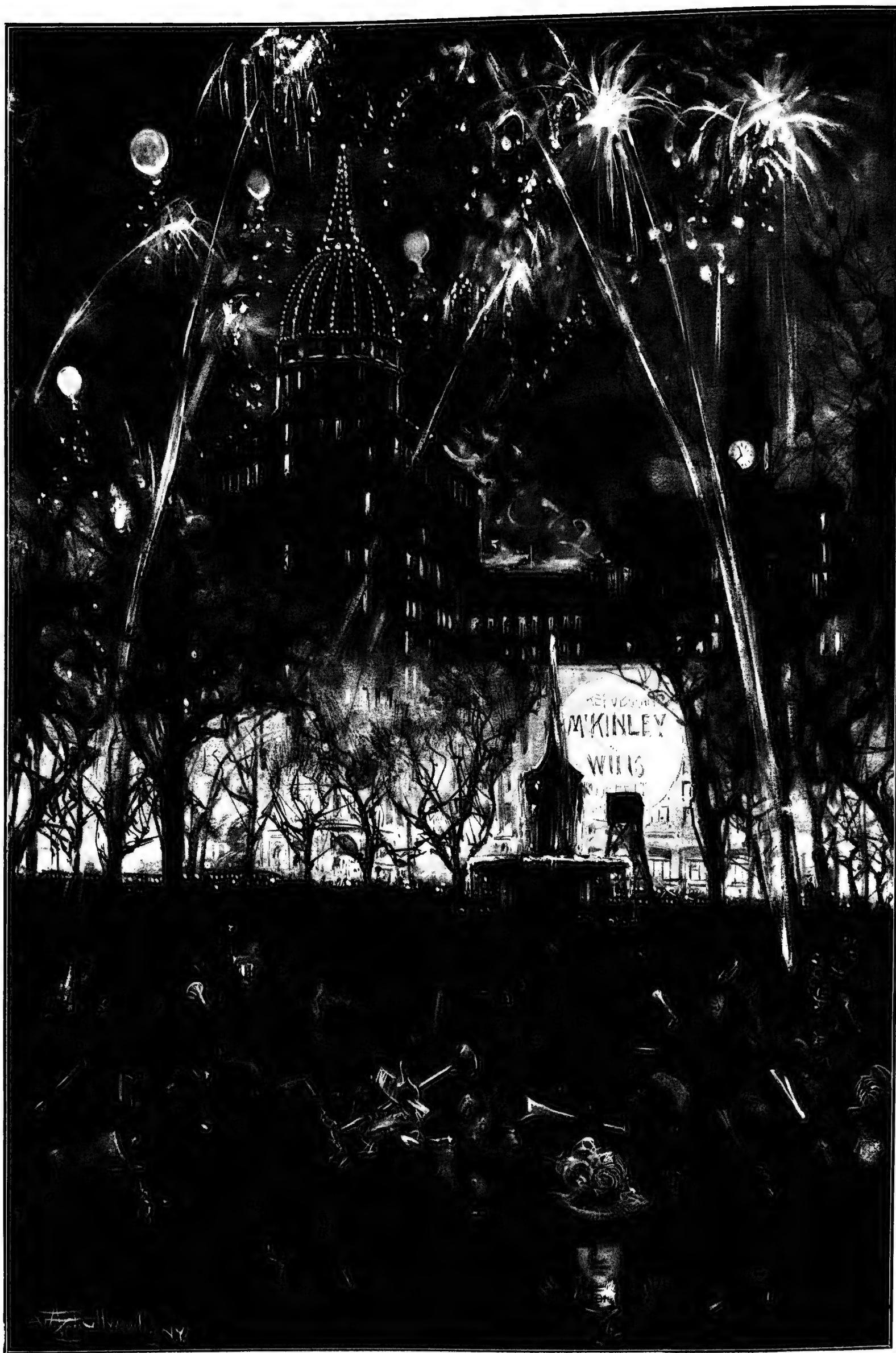


Mr. Kruger, on his arrival at the Hotel Scribe, after listening to two addresses, went up in the lift to the third story, where apartments had been made ready for him. The landing was full of people, who cheered. He entered the vestibule of his rooms, but suddenly stopped,

for five little boys, one of them holding a Transvaal flag, began singing the Volkslied. Mrs. Pierson, wife of the Transvaal Consul-General, accompanying on the piano. All present bared their heads, and Mr. Kruger was much affected.

MR. KRUGER IN PARIS: WELCOMING THE EX-PRESIDENT AT HIS HOTEL

SKETCHES DRAWN FROM LIFE BY "MARS"



A Correspondent writes:—"The scenes in New York were of the wildest description. Pandemonium broken loose with a vengeance. Everyone seemed to try who could make the greatest noise, hooting, blowing horns, letting off crackers and fireworks, lighting bonfires in the streets, &c. The scene was indescribable. Bulletins of news were posted and displayed by lantern in all the principal squares, and especially at the newspaper offices, where also many brass

bands played to 'work up the enthusiasm,' as it is called. My sketch shows the scene at 'Park Place,' where the principal newspaper offices are. Thousands of people congregated here, 'enthusing.' When the final news was posted rockets were fired, and balloons let up, which sent forth gold balls 'to show that McKinley was elected.' Had Bryan been successful green balls would have taken their place."

THE UNITED STATES PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION: THE SCENE IN PARK PLACE, NEW YORK, WHEN THE RESULT WAS MADE KNOWN

FROM A SKETCH BY A. HENRY FULLWOOD



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

FRENCH CAVALRY ENJOYING AN EASY SPELL WHILE "ON DUTY"

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: THE OCCUPATION OF TIENTSIN BY THE ALLIED FORCES

## The Late Sir Arthur Sullivan

THAT Sir Arthur Sullivan should be buried under the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, near the tombs of Boyce and Greene, was just and proper, the more especially as he and Sir Sterndale Bennett, who, twenty years ago, was interred in Westminster Abbey, may fairly be considered as representative British musicians of the Victorian era. Accordingly the arrangements for the funeral on Tuesday were altered practically at the last moment. By the Queen's Command the first portion of the service, it is true, was held in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, where Sir Arthur as a boy had sung in the choir. But the interment was in St. Paul's, and there, it is hoped, before many months have passed, a proper memorial will be erected to his memory. For Sir Arthur Sullivan, beyond all question, was one of the most popular musicians of the present generation. It is true that he may have neglected the higher branches of music, such as the Symphony and the instrumental quartet, both of which, however, he tried in his earlier years. But, beyond question, he was wise to confine himself during the greater portion of his riper career to the forms of art which suited him best. Sir Arthur has written oratorios and other works for the musical festivals, among them *The Light of the World* (which, we had his own authority to state, he intended, at some time or other, to reconstruct and partly re-write), *The Martyr of Antioch*, which provided the funeral hymn, "Brother, thou art gone before us," sung by his old Savoy colleagues over his grave at St. Paul's, and *The Golden Legend*, which has proved by far the most popular composition of its sort since *Elijah*.

But it was by his beautiful ballads, by his noble hymns, and by his comic operas that he was best known to the public. Chief among his hymn tunes was "Onward, Christian Soldiers"—the "War Song of the Church Militant," as a distinguished prelate has ungrudgingly declared. Those who have heard this splendid hymn sung by a vast congregation of 25,000 voices at the Crystal Palace on Good Friday will appreciate the extent of the popularity which it enjoys. Among something like fifty very charming ballads the best known, perhaps, are "Sweethearts," "Will he come?" "Thou art passing hence," "Let me dream again," and "The Lost Chord," nearly all of them written in the seventies. During the past twenty years, however, Sir Arthur has devoted himself mainly to comic opera. The earliest of his compositions was the sacred song, or anthem, "O Israel," published as far back as 1855, when the young composer was a thirteen-years-old choir-boy at the Chapel Royal. His last song, apart from "The Absent-minded Beggar," we believe, was "Bid me at least," from the play, *An Old Jew*, published in 1894. His last hymn was "O King of Kings," written by command for the Queen's Diamond Jubilee; while his last anthem was "Wreaths for our graves," written, we believe, for a Royal funeral, and sung at the composer's own obsequies on Tuesday.

As to the comic operas, most of them are familiar to every playgoer. The earliest was *The Contrabandista*, to Mr. Burnand's words, produced at St. George's Hall in 1867, and *Cox and Box*, which, after being given at Moray Lodge, the residence of Kate Terry in the same year, was produced in public at the Adelphi. Then came *Trial by Jury*, in 1875, and *The Zoo*. In 1877 he commenced with Mr. Gilbert's libretto to *The Sorcerer* the long series of Savoy operas which have afforded innocent recreation and amusement to many nations and to more than a generation. Both this and *Pinafore* were, it is well known, produced by a syndicate, but shortly afterwards Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan entered into closer business relations with Mr. D'Oyly Carte, by whom, first at the Opera Comique and after 1881 at the Savoy, all the deceased composer's stage works have been produced. They comprise *The Pirates of Penzance*, 1880; *Patience*, 1881; *Iolanthe*, 1882; *Princess Ida*, 1884; *The Mikado* (which was by far the most successful of the series), in 1885; *Ruddigore*, 1887; *The Yeomen of the Guard*, 1888; *The Gondoliers*, 1889; *Utopia*, 1893; and *The Grand Duke*, 1896. Besides these works Sir Arthur Sullivan has written for Mr. Carte one grand opera, *Ivanhoe*, 1891, and comic operas such as *Haddon Hall*, in 1892; *The Beauty Stone*, in 1898;

*The Rose of Persia*, 1899, and a new Irish opera, the whole of the music of which is sketched out and finished, although only two numbers of the orchestration were complete at the time of Sullivan's death. To the many beautiful part-songs and other lovely melodies contained in these works there is no need now to refer. They are, in fact, and in truth, household words.

Sir Arthur's career is now far too well known to need any lengthy description. The son of an Army bandmaster, who afterwards was musical chief at Sandhurst, and then at Kneller Hall, he was surrounded by an atmosphere of music from his childhood, and before he became a Chapel Royal boy, he was a juvenile composer and player of the clarinet. Then he went to the Royal Academy of Music, where some of the old still living Professors declare he used to play the drum in the band, and then to Leipzig as Mendelssohn scholar. On his return here he was introduced to the public by his *Tempest* music at the Crystal Palace, and since then his career has been a brilliant one. While still a very young man he was organist at two of our fashionable churches, and also musical adviser to Messrs. Cramer and Co. Then he became successively conductor at the Aquarium, the Glasgow Orchestral Concerts, the Promenade Concerts, and for two years of the Philharmonic Society. Since 1880, also, he has been conductor of the Leeds Musical Festivals. Latterly he has had no need to do anything save composing. His Savoy operas produced him not only fame, but also considerable wealth, and at

## "Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE Duke of Manchester's marriage appears to have created considerable stir, especially among journalists; and the young man has expressed himself in somewhat plain and manly terms on the matter. He says:—"Surely an ordinary person like myself can get married if he wants to, and not have the whole world gossiping about it. It seemed to me that in the existing conditions of my own affairs an elaborate and expensive wedding would be utterly ill-advised and only open to criticism." The Duke is perfectly right, and it is refreshing to meet with so much common sense in an age of snobbism.

Why should people not attend to their own affairs, die, and be married without attracting universal attention? The practical interviewing and personal comment imported from America has already reached undue proportions here. If people preserved secrecy in their business, the public and the Press feel as though they had been defrauded. A man's last agonies, his sickness and

are reported with ignoble detail, his affairs, his loves, entanglements, and personal interests discussed as freely, as ill-affected parents sometimes dilate on children's faults and blemishes in their presence. Personal appearance, even, is mentioned on; we are told of Mrs. So-and-so was looking well on some occasion, or was wearing an ill-fitting coming dress. Quiet dinners at a restaurant, the mere trifle of morning shopping, are considered fit themes for perusal by journalists who probably scarcely know by sight the people they write so familiarly about. It is high time a stand was made, and that those who, by reason of their notoriety or their position, form marks for personal comment, should take some steps to emancipate themselves from such galling tyranny. Formerly an Englishman's house was his castle, now even his soul is not his own.

A correspondent writes in as follows from South Africa: "I mention the fact that women are being encouraged to emigrate, with a view to making a pleasant and profitable living for themselves as teachers and governesses in the Transvaal and at the Cape:—"If you were to see the swarm of young Colonial women attending lectures at various centres to enable very superrificated educated girls to qualify themselves as teachers, you would come to the conclusion that the Colony can than supply the demand in this direction. As for women the girls will be better paid, and have a more agreeable life, but the tailors who regularly come to London arrange to take any female assistant they require. Some of them are refined and well-looking, and keep the saddle horses. The

Born May 13, 1842 Died November 22, 1900

THE LATE SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, MUS. DOC., M.V.O.  
From a Photograph by Walery, Regent Street

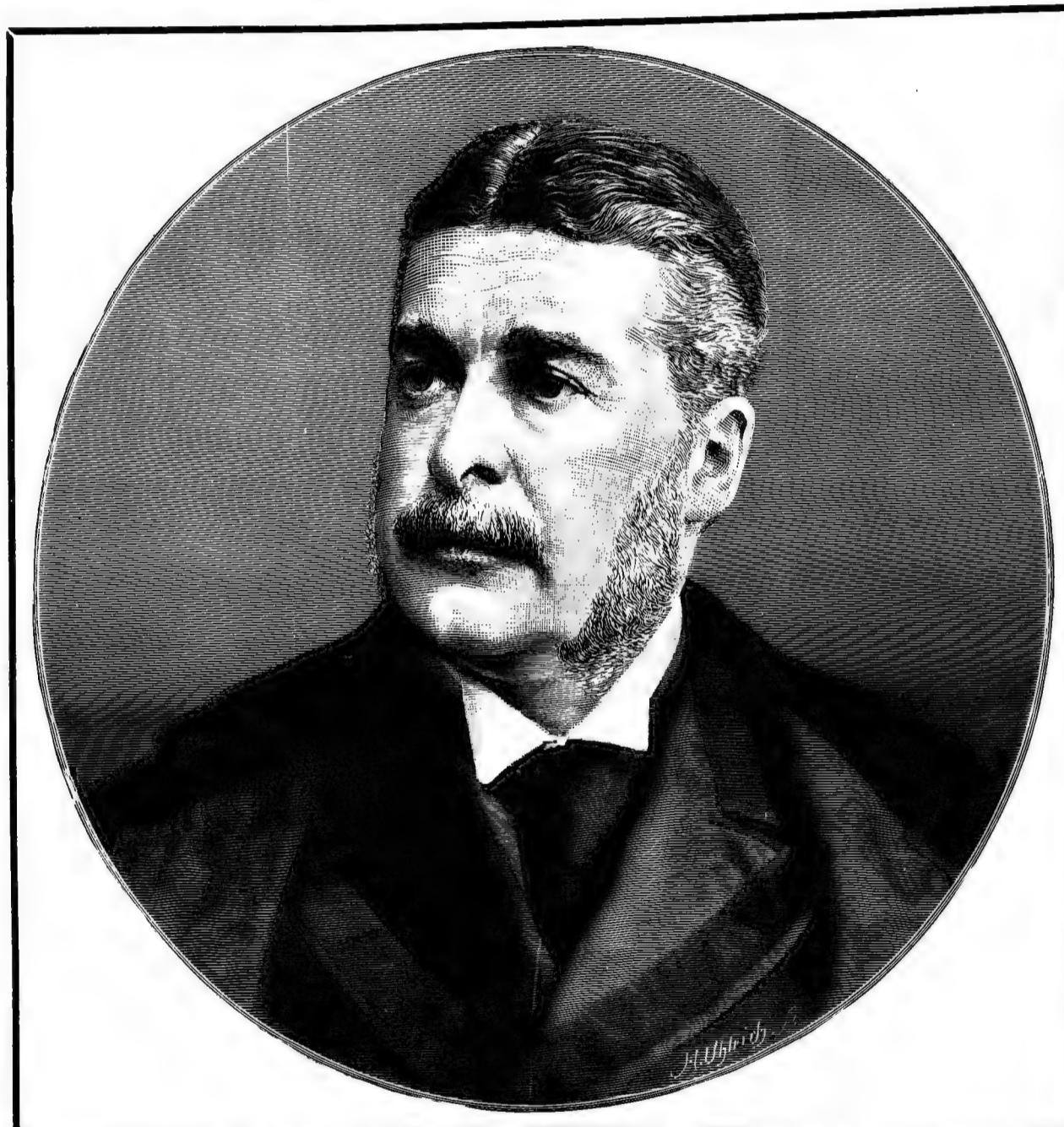
one time it is said that his fees on this account amounted to upwards of 22,000*l.* a year. Even now his royalty rights are extremely valuable. Sir Arthur was introduced to fashionable life by his friend "Sim" Egerton, afterwards the Earl of Wilton, who presented him to the Duke of Edinburgh, through whom he became a favourite not only of the Prince and Princess of Wales, but also of Her Majesty herself. His influence was invariably used in favour of British art, and amusing stories are told of his occasional conflicts with exalted personages before whom he championed the claims of British musicians.

THE students of the Royal College of Music announced a performance on Friday of this week at Daly's of Weber's *Euryanthe*, a very welcome revival, of which we hope to speak next week.

M. Ysaye and Signor Busoni, who have been important figures at London concerts this autumn, have now left for the Continent. The two, last week at Queen's Hall, gave a masterly performance of the always popular "Kreutzer" Sonata, while on Saturday Signor Busoni played at Mr. Wood's Orchestral Concert Beethoven's Concerto in G, and on Tuesday this week he gave his farewell recital. Both these artists expect to be back early in the New Year.

of a governess in an up-country farm is very lonely and dreary. Englishwomen should not be encouraged to go out unless they have friends here, or a situation provided for them. There is room for young men, gentlemen who are fond of an outdoor life, who stand the isolation and have a certain amount of capital. The land is free and has many advantages. Land is cheap, and all kinds of farming, especially ostrich and dairy, very profitable. Ostriches pay cent. per cent. with good luck—viz., care and skill."

The question of woman's increasing extravagance in dress has lately mooted. There is no doubt women spend far more than they did thirty years ago, but so do men. Men's expenditure has increased side by side with women's, and both have grown more impatient of a narrow and restricted life. The worst feature is to be found in the imitation of the lower and middle classes whose means are not equal to their aims. Where a lady has 1,000*l.* a year to do what she likes with she may spend it on dress if she chooses with impunity, but the competition of the clerk's wife with 40*l.* a year or the servant, whose wages are 14*l.*, becomes ruinous. Certain articles like sable and real lace, cost a king's ransom; they should not be given a moment's thought by the impecunious. Yet what can one see? Hideous imitation furs meeting one at every step, and ermine boleros, costing 30*l.* at least, copied in some



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material that is a vulgar caricature of the original at a price of thirty shillings. The poor girl spends her little all on these cheap monstrosities, and believes herself to be well dressed and to have her money's worth. She has not. A good tweed, a substantial cloth jacket would be prettier and far more serviceable.

And now that women are enlarging their waists and giving up the baneful practice of tight-lacing we are credibly informed that men are taking to corsets, and that they have been adjudged a necessity in order to preserve a faultless figure. Men are found to praise the support and comfort of corsets at the very moment women, taking up athletic exercises, are learning to dispense with them, except on a very modified scale. The fact is curious, and exemplifies the topsy-turvyness of men's and women's relations nowadays.

The new jewellery is exceptionally artistic. People have begun to weary of clusters of diamonds set in more or less heavy gold settings. They hanker after some of the artistic Renaissance forms, they wear uncut turquoisees and chains of cornelian and coral. The desire for beauty of form is slowly but surely spreading among the general public. It is a good sign, and we may soon hope to see the final disappearance of the hideous early Victorian brooch, glittering, large, square and aggressive, with the portrait of some plain but beloved member of the family, or the hair brooch.

## "The Graphic" Christmas Number

PRINTED throughout in colours and bound in a cover that is at once handsome and striking, *The Graphic* Christmas Number strikes a popular note at once, and never, from the first to the last page, releases its hold on the reader's attention. Stories by W. W. Jacobs, W. S. Gilbert, Grant Allen, and Marriott-Watson; illustrations and humorous sketches by the hero of *Mafeking*, Stanhope Forbes, W. Hatherell, H. M. and C. E. Brock, Frank Craig, Gordon Browne, Reginald Cleaver, and others, give to the number variety and abounding interest, while particularly striking are the two coloured plates. Of these the one is a splendid reproduction of the late Sir John Millais's famous picture, "The Heretic," while the other, "A Story of the Veldt," by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, will not be less a favourite, for it pictures with a world of simple pathos such a scene as must now be taking place in many a cottage throughout the Empire, and the soldier, home from the war, telling of the dangers through which he has passed—not unscathed—is capitally seen and rendered. But if this touches a grave note there is much in the number that will afford amusement, and irresistibly comic are some of the stories so cleverly pictured by Mr. Elmhurst Cumming, the brothers Brock, Mr. Ralston and Mr. Cleaver. If the whole is not better than any that have gone before it is only because last year's Christmas Number was so good that further improvement was almost impossible.

## An Artistic Causse

By M. H. SPIELMANN

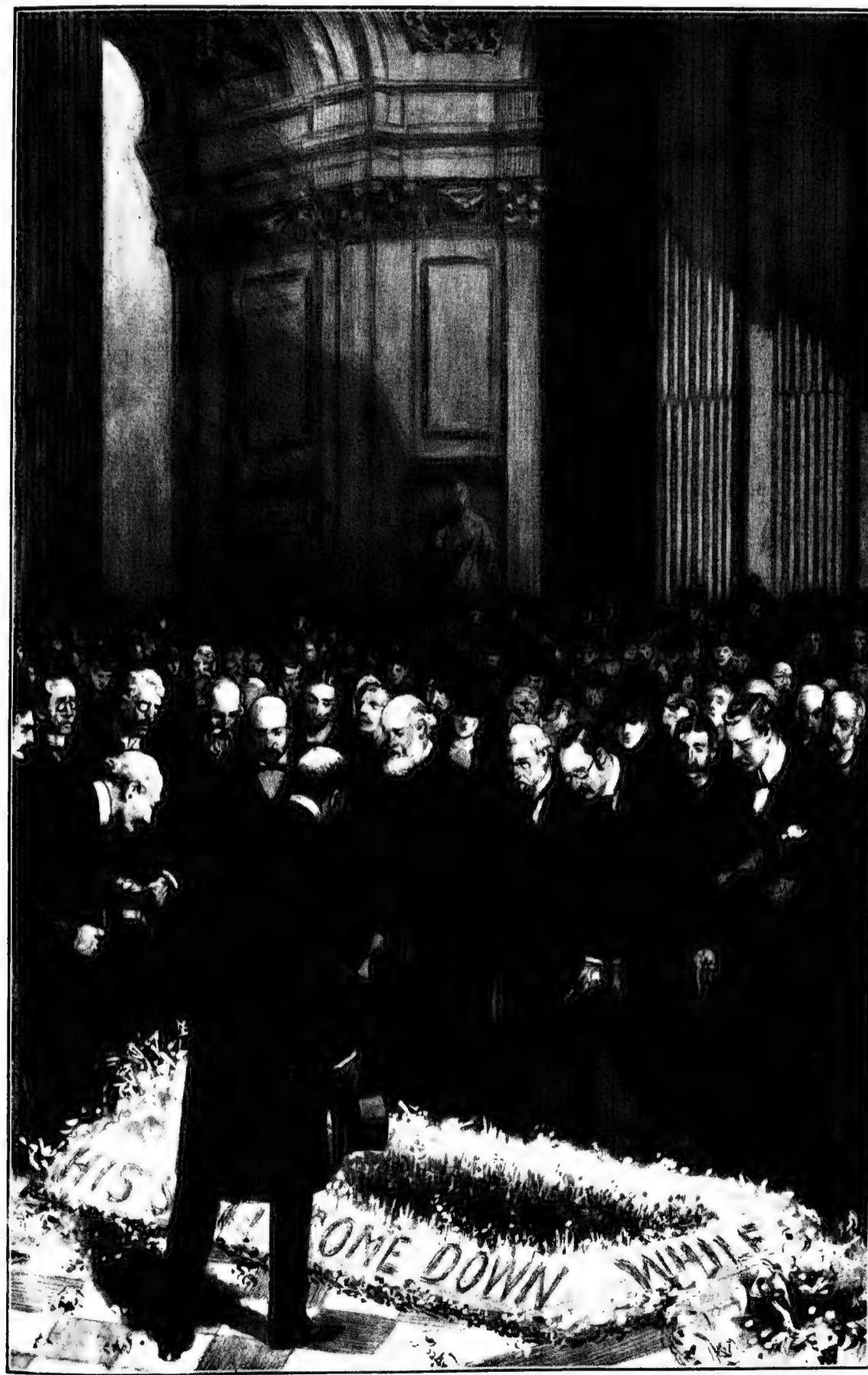
I AM informed that Mr. Whistler's attention has been drawn to a statement, published in this column on October 6, relative to the award accorded to him by the Paris Exhibition jury. I was clearly wrong in assuming that it was to the certain specific work which was painted before the date-limit that the *grand prix* was awarded, and I gladly withdraw the assertion, and tender my apologies.

The coming month is one of great importance to the schools and students of the Royal Academy. Two new professors are to be elected, and there is much speculation as to the chances of the candidates. At the beginning of the month a successor is to be appointed to the late Mr. William Anderson, who lately died suddenly after having, on the morning of the same day, completed his article on "Japanese Art" for the great forthcoming Supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Mr. Anderson succeeded Professor Marshall, and there is no doubt that an occupant of the chair equally worthy will be found among the four candidates, of whom Mr. Thompson and Mr. Alfred D. Fripp, M.V.O., are among the most distinguished. The high position of the latter is especially well recognised, for, besides being an experienced demonstrator at Guy's, he has the advantage of springing from the art world, and of having a true view of the painter's need of "artistic anatomy." He has but lately returned from South Africa. The other professorship is that of Sculpture, which has actually been vacant since Woolner withdrew in 1878. Of course, Mr. Montford's headship of the Modelling School has been efficient and satisfactory, but the absence of an Academic chief has lately grown into something of a joke. In France the most eminent and busiest of artists contend hotly for such posts at the Beaux Arts and elsewhere, even when entirely honorary.

A question has arisen of what the "Old Masters" exhibition is to consist—that is to say, will the pictures exhibited consist only of those which have been seen on the walls of the Royal Academy? Obviously not, else Madox Brown, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and many more would be unrecorded in what is practically to be an unprejudiced record. In that case, where will the line be drawn? Will a small selection of the best half a dozen (let us say) of the canvases shown at the New English Art Club during its sixteen years of life be admitted—it only for the sake of history and for showing the movement throughout the painter world. A little while ago a critic was protesting against the little society in question. "It isn't New," he said, "and it isn't English, and it isn't Art, and it isn't a Club." Perhaps much the same feeling prevails in Burlington House. None the less, the public would be glad to see, if only for the sake of comparison, one or two examples of the "new art" in nature painting.

The exhibitions of the week include four in Bond Street which the gallery runner may be pleased to see. The soft and dainty fancies of nymphs and fairies and spring's messengers show how well Mr. Sainton uses the silver point: the colour work, although graceful, too, does not look entirely in place among the grey. Mr. H. Caffieri is not less dainty in his own way in his water-colours of "Fisher-Folk Across the Channel." He has a strong feeling for colour, and these drawings, though sometimes rather slight, though greatly reinforced with body-colour, will charm most people by their cheerful idealisation of scenes and views which are not in reality so graceful as Mr. Caffieri sees them. He proceeds as a poet, and takes a poet's licence. To say (as the catalogue does) that the artist "has used his art solely as a mirror" is too little compliment to Mr. Caffieri and too much to the native. "In Praise of all the Churches" is the non-committal and non-descriptive title of Mr. Albert Goodwin's exhibition at the Fine Art Society's gallery. Mr. Goodwin is at his best in his smaller drawings, and rises to a height, alike in imagination, colour, atmosphere, light, and technique, beyond any rival now exhibiting in the private galleries. He is certainly a water-colourist of commanding power who does not—as many do—lose sight of the picturesque and the beautiful (as the public understands these terms) in the achievement of the artistic problem he sets himself. England, Italy, Germany, Switzerland and France, are all represented on the walls. Churches, or for the main part cathedrals, are the subject of Mr. Herbert J. Finn's collection at the Modern Gallery. Lincoln Cathedral in silver morning and golden afternoon, Canterbury, Worcester, and Ely, are among the fanes with which he deals with picturesqueness and sense of effect.

Some years ago my attention was drawn to a remarkable young South Kensington student, who, having had both his arms amputated near the shoulder in his early childhood, had, nevertheless, followed up his intention of becoming an artist, and had taken prizes in the national competitions; and I commented on his work in this column and elsewhere. Bartram Hiles is his name, and he draws with his mouth—with as much facility as he writes a letter (a remarkably good and flowing "hand" it is) and rolls a cigarette and lights it. Mr. Hiles's strong point seems to be design for textiles, &c., but his water-colour and pen-and-ink drawings are extremely remarkable in the circumstances. He is now exhibiting at the Crystal Palace, and if he succeeds in obtaining the same kindly patronage from the public as he has done from the Princess of Wales he will have sufficient assistance to encourage him to face the sad restriction with which Fate has so unfairly handicapped him. For his case is a far harder one than that of others, like Miss Biffin (who used to paint with her toes), who were brought up from infancy not to feel their congenital disadvantages and who, besides, had no dependents to be cared for.



The funeral of Sir Arthur Sullivan took place on Tuesday. The first part of the service was conducted, by the Queen's command, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, in presence of a distinguished company of mourners, including representatives of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, Princess Louise, the German Emperor, Prince and Princess Christian, and the Duke of Cambridge. The funeral procession then went to St. Paul's Cathedral, the whole route being lined by large crowds of spectators. Within the Cathedral an immense congregation had assembled, and after an impressive service the coffin was lowered into the crypt and placed in the grave prepared for it. Our illustration represents the pall-bearers—whom were Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir Frederick Bridge, Mr. Francis Cellier, Colonel Arthur Collins, Sir George Lewis, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir George Martin and Sir John Stainer—taking a last look at the grave.

THE FUNERAL OF SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: A LAST LOOK AT THE GRAVE  
DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON





"It is—it is—love," and he sank upon his knees before her, where, she could not help noticing, he looked very handsome in the subdued light of the room, with his upturned face blanched by sickness, and his southern glowing eyes. "Elsa, I love you and no other, and unless you return that love my heart will break and I shall die!"

## LYSBETH

A TALE OF THE DUTCH

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by G. P. JACOMB-HOOD, R.I.

### CHAPTER XVI.

THE MASTER



In the sitting-room, speaking more slowly and with greater caution, Foy continued the story of their adventures. When he came to the tale of how the ship *Swallow* was blown up with all the Spanish boarders, Elsa clasped her hands, saying, "Horrible! Horrible! Think of the poor creatures hurled thus into eternity."

"And think of the business they were on," broke in Dirk grimly, adding, "May God forgive me who cannot feel grieved to hear of the death of Spanish cutthroats. It was well managed, Foy, excellently well managed. But go on."

"I think that is about all," said Foy shortly, "except that two

of the Spaniards got away in a boat, one of whom is believed to be the head spy and captain, Ramiro."

"But, son, up in Adrian's chamber just now you said something about having made a map of the hiding-place of the gold. Where is it, for it should be put in safety?"

"Yes, I know I did," answered Foy, "but didn't I tell you?" he went on awkwardly. "Martin managed to drop the thing in the cabin of the *Swallow* while we were lighting the fuses, so it was blown up with the ship, and there is now no record of where the stuff was buried."

"Come, come, son," said Dirk. "Martha, who knows every island on the great lake, must remember the spot."

"Oh! no, she doesn't," answered Foy. "The truth is that she didn't come with us when we buried the barrels. She stopped to watch the Spanish ship, and just told us to land on the first island we came to and dig a hole, which we did, making a map of the place before we left, the same that Martin dropped."

All this clumsy falsehood Foy uttered with a wooden face and in a voice which would not have convinced a three-year-old infant, priding himself the while upon his extraordinary cleverness.

"Martin," asked Dirk, suspiciously, "is this true?"

"Absolutely true, master," replied Martin; "it is wonderful how well he remembers."

"Son," said Dirk, turning white with suppressed anger, "you have always been a good lad, and now you have shown yourself a brave one, but I pray God that I may not be forced to add that you are false-tongued. Do you not see that this looks black? The

treasure which you have hidden is the greatest in all the Netherlands. Will not folk say, it is not wonderful that you should have forgotten its secret until—it suits you to remember?"

Foy took a step forward, his face crimson with indignation, but the heavy hand of Martin fell upon his shoulder and dragged him back as though he were but a little child.

"I think, Master Foy," he said, fixing his eyes upon Lysbeth, "that your lady mother wishes to say something."

"You are right, Martin; I do. Do you not think, husband, that in these days we live in a man might have other reasons for hiding the truth than the desire to enrich himself by theft?"

"What do you mean, wife?" asked Dirk. "Foy here says that he has buried this great hoard with Martin, but that he and Martin do not know where they buried it, and have lost the map they made. Whatever may be the exact wording of the will, that hoard belongs to my cousin here, subject to certain trusts which have not yet arisen, and may never arise, and I am her guardian while Hendrik Brant lives and his executor when he dies. Therefore, legally, it belongs to me also. By what right, then, do my son and my servant hide the truth from me, if, indeed, they are hiding the truth? Say what you have to say straight out, for I am a plain man and cannot read riddles."

"Then I will say it, husband, though it is but my guess, for I have had no words with Foy or Martin, and if I am wrong they can correct me. I know their faces, and I think with you that they are not speaking the truth. I think that they do not wish us to know it—not that they may keep the secret of this treasure for themselves,

but because such a secret may well bring those who know of it to the torment and the stake. Is it not so, my son?"

"Mother," answered Foy, almost in a whisper, "it is so. The paper is not lost, but do not seek to learn its hiding-place, for there are wolves who would tear your bodies limb from limb to get the knowledge out of you; yes, even Elsa's, even Elsa's. If the trial must come, let it fall on me and Martin, who are fitter to bear it. Oh! father, surely you know that, whatever we may be, neither of us are thieves."

Dirk advanced to his son, and kissed him on the forehead.

"My son," he said, "pardon me, and you, Red Martin, pardon me also. I spoke in my haste. I spoke as a fool, who, at my age, should have known better. But, oh! I tell you that I wish that this cursed treasure, these cases of priceless gems and these kegs of hoarded gold had been shivered to the winds of heaven with the timbers of the ship *Swallow*. For, mark you, Ramiro has escaped, and with him another man, and they will know well that having the night to hide it, you did not destroy those jewels with the ship. They will rack you down, these Spanish sleuthhounds, filled with the lust of blood and gold, and it will be well if the lives of everyone of us do not pay the price of the secret of the burying-place of the wealth of Hendrik Brant."

He ceased, pale and trembling, and a silence fell upon the room and all in it, a sad and heavy silence, for in his voice they caught the note of prophecy. Martin broke it.

"It may be so, master," he said, "but, your pardon, you should have thought of that before you undertook this duty. There was no call upon you to send the Heer Foy and myself to The Hague to bring away this trash, but you did it as would any other honest man. Well, now it is done and we must take our chance, but I say this—if you are wise, my masters, yes, and you ladies also, before you leave this room you will swear upon the Bible, everyone of you, never to whisper the word treasure, never to think of it except to believe that it is gone for ever beneath the waters of the Haarlemer Meer. Never to whisper it, no, mistress, not even to the Heer Adrian, your son who lies sick abed upstairs."

"You have learnt wisdom somewhere of late years, Martin, since you stopped drinking and fighting," said Dirk drily, "and for my part before God I swear it."

"And so do I." "And I." "And I." "And I," echoed the others, Martin, who spoke last, adding, "Yes, I swear that I will never speak of it; no, not even to my young master Adrian, who lies sick abed upstairs."

Adrian made a good recovery, though not a very quick one. He had lost a great deal of blood, but the vessel closed without further complications, so that it remained only to renew his strength by rest and ample food. For ten days or so after the return of Foy and Martin, he was kept in bed and nursed by the women of the house. Elsa's share in this treatment was to read to him from the Spanish romances which he admired. Very soon, however, he found that he admired Elsa herself even more than the romances, and would ask her to shut the book that he might talk to her. So long as his conversation was about himself, his dreams, plans and ambitions, she fell into it readily enough, but when he began to turn it upon herself, and to lard it with compliment and amorous inuendo, then she demurred, and fled to the romances for refuge.

Handsome as he might be, Adrian had no attractions for Elsa. About him there was something too exaggerated for her taste; moreover he was Spanish, Spanish in his beauty, Spanish in the cast of his mind, and all Spaniards were hateful to her. Deep down in her heart also lay a second reason for this repugnance; the man reminded her of another man who for months had been a nightmare to her soul, the Spanish spy, Ramiro. This Ramiro she had observed closely, though she had not seen him very often. His terrible reputation was familiar to her, and she knew also, for her father had told her as much, that it was he who was weaving the nets about him at The Hague, and who plotted day and night to rob him of his wealth.

At first sight there was no great resemblance between the pair. How could there be indeed between a man on the wrong side of middle age, one-eyed, grizzled, battered, and bearing about with him an atmosphere of iniquity, and a young gentleman, handsome, distinguished, and wayward, but assuredly no criminal? Yet the likeness existed. She had seen it first when Adrian was pointing out to her how, were he a general, he would dispose his forces for the capture of Leyden, and from that moment her nature rose in arms against him. Also it came out in other ways, in little tricks of voice and pomposities of manner; Elsa was always catching it at unexpected moments, perhaps, as she told herself, because she had trained her mind to seek for it. Yet all the while she knew that the fancy was ridiculous, for what could these two men have in common with each other?

In those days, however, Elsa was not really thinking much of Adrian, or of anybody else except her beloved father, whose only child she was, and whom she adored with all the passion of her heart. She knew the terrible danger in which he stood, and guessed that she had been sent away that she might not share it. Now she had but one desire and one prayer—that he might escape in safety, and that she might return to him again. Once only a message came from him, sent through a person whom she had never seen; a woman, the wife of a fisherman, who called and delivered it by word of mouth. This was the message:

"Give my love and blessing to my daughter Elsa, and tell her that so far I am unharmed. To Foy van Goorl say, I have heard the news. Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Let him remember what I told him, and be sure that he will not strive in vain, and that he shall not lack for his reward here or hereafter."

That was all. Tidings reached them also that the destruction of so many men by the blowing up of the *Swallow*, and by her sinking of the Government boat in her escape, had caused much excitement and fury among the Spaniards. But, as those who had been blown up were free-lances, and as the boat was sunk while the *Swallow* was escaping from them, nothing had been done in the matter. Indeed, nothing could be done, for it was not known who manned the *Swallow*, and, as Ramiro had foreseen, her crew were supposed to have been destroyed with her in the Haarlem Meer.

Then, after a while, came other news that filled Elsa's heart with a wild hope, for it was reported that Hendrik Brant had disappeared, and was believed to have escaped from The Hague.

Nothing more was heard of him, however, which is scarcely strange, for the doomed man had gone down the path of rich heretics into the silent vaults of the Inquisition. The net had closed at last, and through the net fell the sword.

But if Elsa thought seldom of Adrian, except in gusts of spasmodic dislike, Adrian thought of Elsa, and little besides. So earnestly did he lash his romantic temperament, and so deeply did her beauty and charm appeal to him, that very soon he was truly in love with her. Nor did the fact that, as he believed, she was, potentially, the greatest heiress in the Netherlands, cool Adrian's amorous devotion. What could suit him better in his condition, than to marry this rich and lovely lady?

So Adrian made up his mind that he would marry her, for, in his vanity, it never occurred to him that she might object. Indeed, the only thought that gave him trouble was the difficulty of reducing her wealth into possession. Foy and Martin had buried it somewhere in the Haarlem Meer. But they said, for this he had ascertained by repeated inquiries, although the information was given grudgingly enough, that the map of the hiding-place had been destroyed in the explosion on the *Swallow*. He did not believe this story for a moment. He was convinced that they were keeping the truth from him, and as the prospective master of that treasure he resented this reticence bitterly. Still, it had to be overcome, and so soon as he was engaged to Elsa he intended to speak very clearly upon this point. Meanwhile, the first thing was to find a suitable opportunity to make his declaration in due form, after which he would be prepared to deal with Foy and Martin.

Towards evening it was Elsa's custom to walk abroad. As at that hour Foy left the foundry, naturally he accompanied her in these walks, Martin following at a little distance in case he should be wanted. Soon those excursions became delightful to both of them. To Elsa, especially, it was pleasant to escape from the hot house into the cool evening air, and still more pleasant to exchange the laboured tendernesses and highly coloured compliments of Adrian for the cheerful honesty of Foy's conversation.

Foy admired his cousin as much as did his half-brother, but his attitude towards her was very different. He never said sweet things; he never gazed up into her eyes and sighed, although once or twice, perhaps by accident, he did squeeze her hand. His demeanour towards her was that of a friend and relative, and the subject of their talk for the most part was the possibility of her father's deliverance from the dangers which surrounded him, and other matters connected with him.

The time came at last when Adrian was allowed to leave his room, and as it chanced it fell to Elsa's lot to attend him on this first journey downstairs. In a Dutch home of the period and of the class of the Van Goorls', all the women-folk of whatever degree were expected to take a share in the household work. At present Elsa's share was to do nurse to Adrian, who showed so much temper at every attempt which was made to replace her by any other woman, that, in face of the doctor's instructions, Lysbeth did not dare to cross his whim.

It was with no small delight, therefore, that Elsa hailed the prospect of release, for the young man with his pomposities and amorous sighs wearied her almost beyond bearing. Adrian was not equally pleased; indeed he had feigned symptoms which caused him to remain in bed an extra week, merely in order that he might keep her near him. But now the inevitable hour had come, and Adrian felt that it was incumbent upon him to lift the veil and let Elsa in to some of the secret of his soul. He had prepared for the event; indeed the tedium of his confinement had been much relieved by the composition of lofty and heart-stirring addresses, in which he, the noble cavalier, laid his precious self and fortunes at the feet of this undistinguished, but rich and attractive maid.

Yet now when the moment was with him, and when Elsa gave him her hand to lead him from the room, behold all these beautiful imaginings had vanished, and his knees shook with no fancied weakness. Somehow Elsa did not look as a girl ought to look who was about to be proposed to; she was too cold and dignified, too utterly unconscious of anything unusual. It was disconcerting—but it must be done.

By a superb effort Adrian recovered himself and opened with one of the fine speeches, not the best by any means, but the only specimen which he could remember.

"Without," he began, "the free air waits to be pressed by my cramped wings, but although my heart bounds wild as that of any haggard hawk, I tell you, fairest Elsa, that in yonder gilded cage," and he pointed to the bed, "I—"

"Heaven above us! Heer Adrian," broke in Elsa in alarm, "are you—are you—getting giddy?"

"She does not understand. Poor child, how should she?" he murmured in a stage aside. Then he started again. "Yes, most adorable, best beloved, I am giddy, giddy with gratitude to those fair hands, giddy with worship of those lovely eyes—"

Now Elsa, unable to contain her merriment any longer, burst out laughing, but seeing that her adorer's face was beginning to look as it had been in the dining-room before he broke the blood vessel, she checked herself, and said:

"Oh! Heer Adrian, don't waste all this fine poetry upon me. I am too stupid to understand it."

"Poetry!" he exclaimed, becoming suddenly natural, "it isn't poetry."

"Then what is it?" she asked, and next moment could have bitten her tongue out.

"It is—it is—love," and he sank upon his knees before her, where, she could not help noticing, he looked very handsome in the subdued light of the room, with his upturned face blanched by sickness, and his southern glowing eyes. "Elsa, I love you and no other, and unless you return that love my heart will break and I shall die."

Now, under ordinary circumstances, Elsa would have been quite competent to deal with the situation, but the fear of over-agitating Adrian complicated it greatly. About the reality of his feelings at the moment, at any rate, it seemed impossible to be mistaken, for the man was shaking like a leaf. Still, she must make an end of these advances.

"Rise, Heer Adrian," she said gently, holding out her hand to help him to his feet.

He obeyed, and glancing at her face, saw that it was very calm and cold as winter ice.

"Listen, Heer Adrian," she said. "You mean this kindly, and

doubtless many a maid would be flattered by your words, but I must tell you that I am in no mood for love-making."

"Because of another man?" he queried, and suddenly becoming theatrical again, added, "Speak on, let me hear the worst; I will not quail."

"There is no need to," replied Elsa in the same quiet voice, "because there is no other man. I have never yet thought of marriage, I have no wish that way, and if I had, I should forget now when from hour to hour I do not know where my dear father may be, or what fate awaits him. He is my only lover, Heer Adrian," and as Elsa spoke her soft brown eyes filled with tears.

"Ah!" said Adrian, "would that I might fly to save him from all dangers, as I rescued you, lady, from the bandits of the wood."

"I would you might," she replied, smiling sadly at the double meaning of the words, "but, hark, your mother is calling us, know, Heer Adrian," she added gently, "that you will understand and respect my dreadful anxiety, and will not trouble me again with poetry and love-talk, for if you do I shall be—angry."

"Lady," he answered, "your wishes are my law, and in these clouds have rolled out of the blue heaven of your life I will be as silent as the watching moon. And, by the way, he added rather nervously, "perhaps you will be silent also—about our talk. I mean, as we do not want that buffoon, Foy, thrusting his street-fun at us."

Elsa bowed her head. She was inclined to resent the "we" and other things in this speech, but, above all, she did not wish to prolong this foolish and tiresome interview, so, without more words, she took her admirer by the hand and guided him down the stairs.

It was but three days after this ridiculous scene, on a certain afternoon, when Adrian had been out for the second time, that the evil tidings came. Dirk had heard them in the town, and returned home well-nigh weeping. Elsa saw his face and knew at once.

"Oh! is he dead?" she gasped.

He nodded, for he dared not trust himself to speak.

"How? Where?"

"In the Poort prison at The Hague."

"How do you know?"

"I have seen a man who helped to bury him."

She looked up as though to ask for further details, but Dirk turned away muttering, "He is dead, he is dead, let be."

Then she understood, nor did she ever seek to know any more. Whatever he had suffered, at least now he was with the God he worshipped, and with the wife he lost. Only the poor orphan, comforted by Lysbeth, crept from the chamber, and for a week was seen no more. When she appeared again she seemed to be herself in all things, only she never smiled and was very indifferent to what took place about her. Thus she remained for many days.

Although this demeanour on Elsa's part was understood and received with sympathy and more by the rest of the household, Adrian soon began to find it irksome and even ridiculous. So colossal was this young man's vanity that he was unable quite to understand how a girl could be so wrapped up in the memories of a murdered father that no place was left in her mind for the tendencies of a present admirer. After all, this father, what was he? A middle-aged and, doubtless, quite uninteresting burgher, who could lay claim to but one distinction, that of great wealth, most of which had been amassed by his ancestors.

Now a rich man alive has points of interest, but a rich man dead is only interesting to his heirs. Also, this Brant was one of these narrow-minded, fanatical, New Religion fellows who were so wearisome to men of intellect and refinement. True, he, Adrian, was himself of that community, for circumstances had driven him into the herd, but oh! he found them a dreary set. Their bald doctrines of individual effort, of personal striving to win a personal redemption, did not appeal to him; moreover, they generally ended at the stake. Now about the pomp and circumstance of the Mother Church there was something attractive. Of course, as a matter of prudence he attended its ceremonials from time to time and found them comfortable and satisfying. Comfortable also were the dogmas of forgiveness to be obtained by a mere act of penitential confession, and the sense of a great supporting force whose whole weight was at the disposal of the humble believer.

In short, there was nothing picturesque about the excellent departed Hendrik, nothing that could justify the young woman in wrapping herself up in grief for him to the entire exclusion of a person who was picturesque and ready, at the first opportunity, to wrap himself up in her.

After long brooding, assisted by a close study of the romances of the period, Adrian convinced himself that in all this there was something unnatural, that the girl must be under a species of spell which in her own interest ought to be broken through. But he could do nothing. Therefore, like others in a difficulty, he determined to seek the assistance of an expert, namely, Black Meg, who among her other occupations, for a certain fee payable in advance, was ready to give advice as a specialist in affairs of the heart.

To Black Meg accordingly he went, disguised, secretly and at night, for he loved mystery, and in truth it was hardly safe that he should visit her by the light of day. Seated in a shadowed chamber he poured out his artless tale to the pythoness, of course concealing all names. He might have spared himself this trouble, as he was an old client of Meg's, a fact that no disguise could keep from her. Before he opened his lips she knew perfectly what was the name of his inamorata and indeed all the circumstances connected with the pair of them.

The wise woman listened in patience, and when he had done, shook her head, saying that the case was too hard for her. She proposed, however, to consult a Master more learned than herself, who, by great good fortune, was at that moment in Leyden, frequenting her house in fact, and begged that Adrian would return the same hour on the morrow.

Now, as it chanced, oddly enough Black Meg had been commanded by the said Master to bring about a meeting between himself and this very young man.

Adrian returned accordingly, and was informed that the Master, after consulting the stars and other sources of divination, had become so deeply interested in the affair that, for pure love of it, he was in attendance.

to advise in person. Adrian was overjoyed, and prayed that he might be introduced. Presently a noble-looking form entered the room, wrapped in a long cloak. Adrian bowed, and the form, after contemplating him earnestly—very earnestly, if he had known the truth—acknowledged the salute with dignity. Adrian cleared his throat and began to speak, whereon the sage stopped him.

"Explanations are needless, young man," he said, in a measured and melodious voice, "for my studies of the matter have already informed me of more than you can tell. Let me see; your name is Adrian van Goorl—no, called Van Goorl; the lady you desire to win is Elsa Brant, the daughter of Hendrik Brant, a heretic and well-known goldsmith, who was recently executed at The Hague. She is a girl of much beauty, but one unnaturally insensible to the influence of love, and who does not at present recognise your worth. There are, also, unless I am mistaken, other important circumstances connected with the case. This lady is a great heiress, but her fortune is at present missing; it is, I have reason to believe, hidden in the Haarlemer Meer. She is surrounded with influences that are inimical to you, all of which, however, can be overcome if you will place yourself unreservedly in my hands, for, young man, I accept no half-confidences, nor do I ask for any fee. When the fortune is recovered and the maiden is your happy wife, then we will talk of payment for services rendered, and not before."

"Wonderful, wonderful," gasped Adrian; "most learned señor, every word you say is true."

"Yes, friend Adrian, and I have not told you all the truth. For instance—but, no, this is not the time to speak. The question is, do you accept my terms?"

"What terms, señor?"

"The old terms, without which no wonder can be worked—faith, absolute faith."

Adrian hesitated a little. Absolute faith seemed a large present to give a complete stranger at a first interview.

"I read your thought and I respect it," went on the sage, who, to tell truth, was afraid he had ventured a little too far. "There is no hurry; these affairs cannot be concluded in a day."

Adrian admitted that they could not, but intimated that he would be glad of a little practical and immediate assistance. The sage buried his face in his hands and thought.

"The first thing to do," he said presently, "is to induce a favourable disposition of the maiden's mind towards yourself, and this, I think, can best be brought about—though the method is one which I do not often use—by means of a love philtre carefully compounded to suit the circumstances of the case. If you will come here to-morrow at dusk, the lady of this house—a worthy woman, though rough of speech and no true adept—will hand it to you."

"It isn't poisonous?" suggested Adrian doubtfully.

"Fool, do I deal in poisons? It will poison the girl's heart in your favour, that is all."

"And how is it to be administered?" asked Adrian.

"In the water or the wine she drinks, and afterwards you must speak to her again as soon as possible. Now that is settled," he went on airily, "so, young friend, good-bye."

"Are you sure that there is no fee?" hesitated Adrian.

"No, indeed," answered the sage, "at any rate until all is

accomplished. Ah!" and he sighed, "did you but know what a delight it is to a weary and world-worn traveller to help forward the bright ambitions of youth, to assist the pure and soaring soul to find the mate destined to it by heaven—chem!—you wouldn't talk of fees. Besides, I will be frank; from the moment that I entered this room and saw you, I recognised in you a kindred nature, one which under my guidance is capable of great things, of things greater than I care to tell. Ah! what a vision do I see. You, the husband of the beautiful Elsa and master of her great wealth, and I at your side guiding you with my wisdom and experience—then what might not be achieved. Dreams, doubtless dreams, though how often have my dreams been prophetic! Still, forget them, and at least, young man, we will be friends," and he stretched out his hand.

"With all my heart," answered Adrian, taking those cool, agile-looking fingers. "For years I have sought someone on whom I could rely, someone who would understand me as I feel you do."

"Yes, yes," sighed the sage, "I do indeed understand you."

"To think," he soliloquised aloud, as was not uncommonly his fashion when certain that he was alone, after the door had closed behind the delighted and flattered Adrian, "to think that I can be the father of such a fool as that. Well, it bears out my theories about cross-breeding, and, after all, in this case a good-looking, gullible fool will be much more useful to me than a young man of sense. Let me see; the price of the office is paid and I shall have my appointment duly sealed as the new Governor of the Gevangenhuys by next week at furthest, so I may as well begin to collect evidence against my worthy successor, Dirk van Goorl, his adventurous son Foy, and that red-headed ruffian, Martin. Once I have them in the Gevangenhuys it will go hard if I can't squeeze the secret of old Brant's money out of one of the three of them. The women wouldn't know, they wouldn't have told the women, besides I don't want to meddle with them, indeed nothing would persuade me to that—and he shivered as though at some wretched recollection. "But there must be evidence; there is such a noise about these executions and questionings that they won't allow any more of them in Leyden without decent evidence; even Alva and the Blood Council are getting a bit frightened. Well, who can furnish better testimony than that jackass, my worthy son Adrian. Probably, however, he has a conscience somewhere, so it may be as well not to let him know that when he thinks himself engaged in conversation he is really in the witness-box. Let me see, we must take the old fellow, Dirk, on the ground of heresy, and the youngster and the serving man on a charge of murdering the king's soldiers and assisting the escape of heretics with their goods. Murder sounds bad, and, especially in the case of a young man, excites less public sympathy than common heresy."

Then he went to the door, calling, "Meg, hostess mine, Meg."

He might have saved himself the trouble, however, since, on opening it suddenly, that lady fell almost into his arms.

"What!" he said, "listening—oh, fie! But there, ladies will be curious and"—to himself—"I must be more careful. Lucky I didn't talk loud."

Then he called her in, and having inspected the chamber narrowly, proceeded to make certain arrangements.

(To be continued)

### Three War Books

INTO a very modest but beautifully printed and charmingly produced volume Mr. Frederick Treves has condensed some of his hospital experiences while serving in South Africa ("The Tale of a Field Hospital," Cassell and Co.). Mr. Treves served in the Natal Campaign, from the battle of Colenso to the fall of Ladysmith, and simply and unaffectedly though he writes of what he saw, one can recall nothing in all the volumes of war literature which have come before us to give half so vivid a picture of that terrible time. We can see in his pages the wearied doctors after Colenso and the seemingly never-ending train of stretchers on that disastrous day, and in a few telling words he lifts the veil which now shrouds that time of gloom and sadness. But perhaps more interesting than anything are the little anecdotes of patients which make one realise again and again the splendid courage of the men who followed Buller. Beaten, mutilated, hurled back and half killed they never lost their courage, and the man who with half his face shot away at Spion Kop signed that he wanted a pencil and paper and then wrote "Did we win?" as typical as that other who on hearing Mr. Treves mutter "This is a bad business," after the examination, replied, "but we took the bally trench." The little volume contains many interesting illustrations, is full of telling stories and anecdotes, and is of far greater importance and value than half a score more pretentious works, so realistic is it in its absolute simplicity.

Mr. John A. Battery, the author of "Why Kruger made War" (Heinemann), having been the chief sub-editor of the *Standard and Diggers' News* at Johannesburg during "the most exciting time of the diplomatic struggle between London, Cape Town, and Pretoria," had unusual opportunities of knowing what was being done at that time behind the scenes in the Transvaal. He contends, as do the majority of unbiased Englishmen, that the leaders of what he terms the "preposterous Afrikaner movement are responsible for the war." There is little that is new to us in these articles (which by-the-bye have already been published in serial form), but they will serve to emphasize and strengthen the opinions of most Englishmen as to the justice of the war as far as Great Britain is concerned. The volume includes two interesting and instructive chapters on the mining industry by Mr. Cooper Key, late mining editor of the *Standard and Diggers' News*.

Another volume on the same lines as the above is "The Origin of the Anglo-Boer War Revealed" (Hodder and Stoughton), by C. H. Thomas, of Belfast, Transvaal, and formerly an Orange Free State burgher. The present book, we are told, had been intended for publication in South Africa before the end of 1899, of laying bare the wicked and delusive aims of the Bond combination, to which the Anglo-Boer is alone the victim. But, until lately, the writer was unable to leave the Transvaal, and, doubt, at that time, when men were still open to conviction, the book would have done great service, but now, like the author mentioned above, it can only still further prove that the English nation is right in its verdict regarding the war.



Our Colonial soldiers from all parts of the world have had extended to them the hospitality and honorary membership of the Headquarters Club of the Corps of Commissionaires, and have rapidly "settled down" amongst the members of that useful corps. Here the Colonists may obtain meals and a bed; have the use of reading, writing and billiard room, and generally fraternise with men who, too, years ago, fought for their country. The Colonials in their varied experiences have, doubtless, seen many

strange sights, but, perhaps, none stranger than one-armed commissionaires playing billiards. In lieu of the left-hand rest the men balance the cue over the empty coat sleeve, and, judging by the large "breaks" they make, apparently suffer no inconvenience. Their skill at cards is also marked as they shuffle, sort, and play their cards with the same dexterity as their two-handed brethren.

UNIQUE BILLIARDS: A FOUR-HANDED GAME AT THE COMMISSIONAIRES' HEADQUARTERS

DRAWN BY T. S. C. CROWTHER



DRAWN BY W. HADFIELD, LTD.

Naval Brigade in the war in South Africa has won admiration on all sides. The

fact is now that he can fight on shore even to the satisfaction of veteran "Tommies."

"Jack's" metamorphosis while at the front was complete. He returned to Simon's Town fully

dressed in khaki and putties, looking for all the world like his brother "Tommy." The brigadi-

gees lined up in the Naval Dockyard on arriving at Simon's Town, being afterwards distributed among

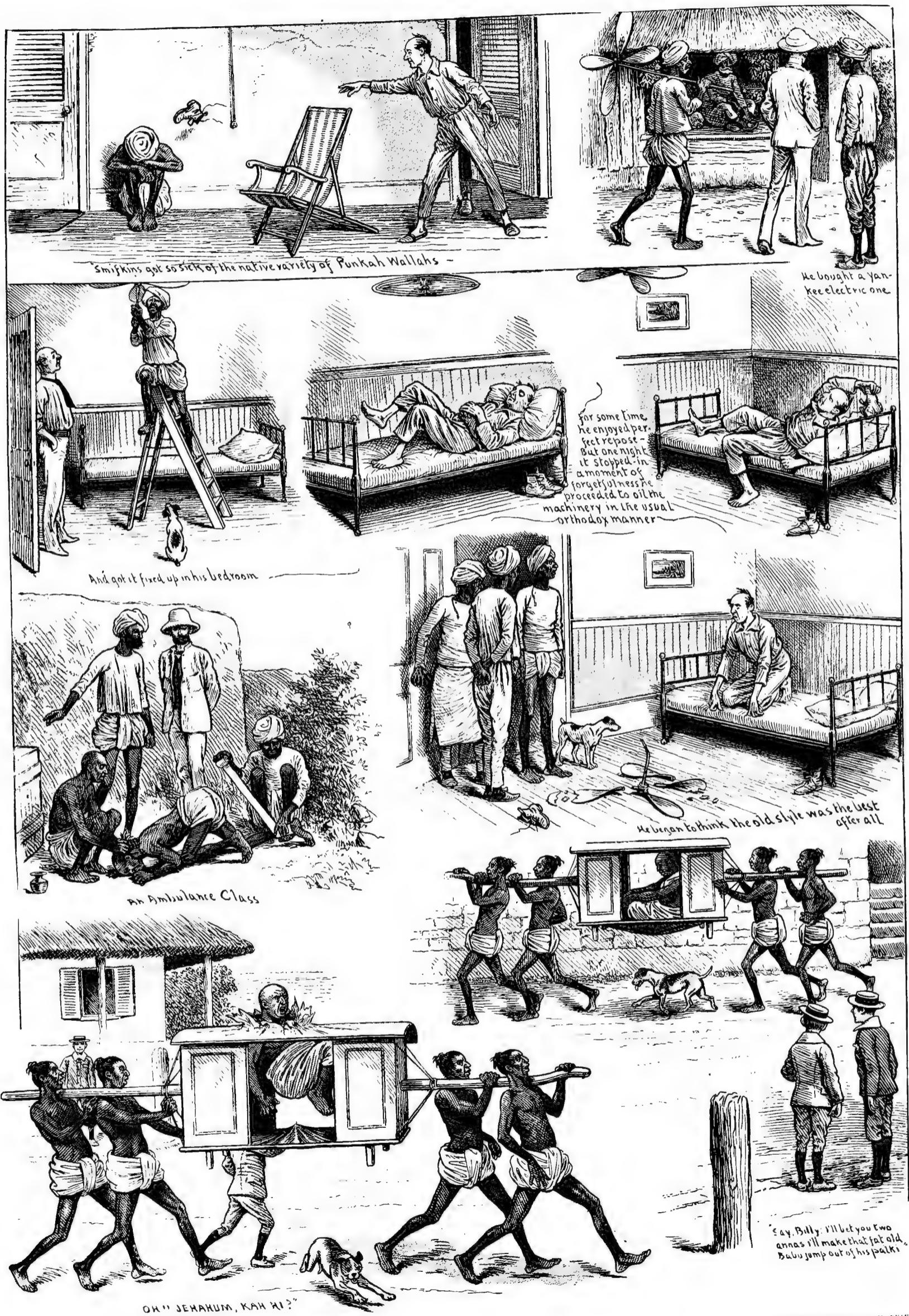
the ships in the bay. It was interesting to contrast the bluejacket as he is ordinarily known to the

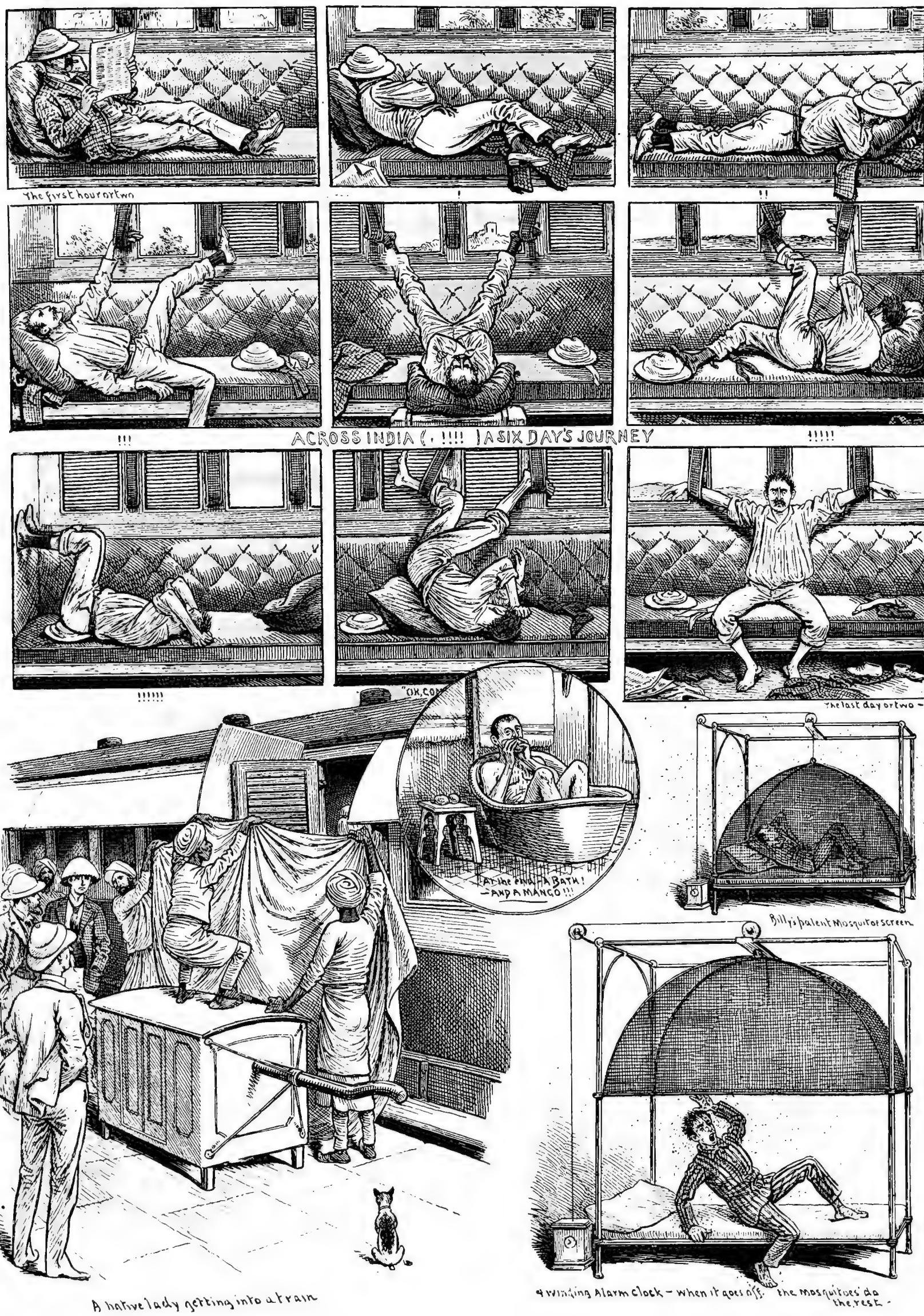
world with his appearance in the rag in which he went to the front, as the men of the

Naval Brigade went on board their ships and were welcomed by their comrades.

THE HANDY MAN AFLOAT AND ASHORE: BLUEJACKETS ON H.M.S. "DORIS," OFF SIMON'S TOWN, WELCOMING COMRADES RETURNING FROM THE FRONT

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A BRITISH LEADER





## Rumblings After the Lull

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

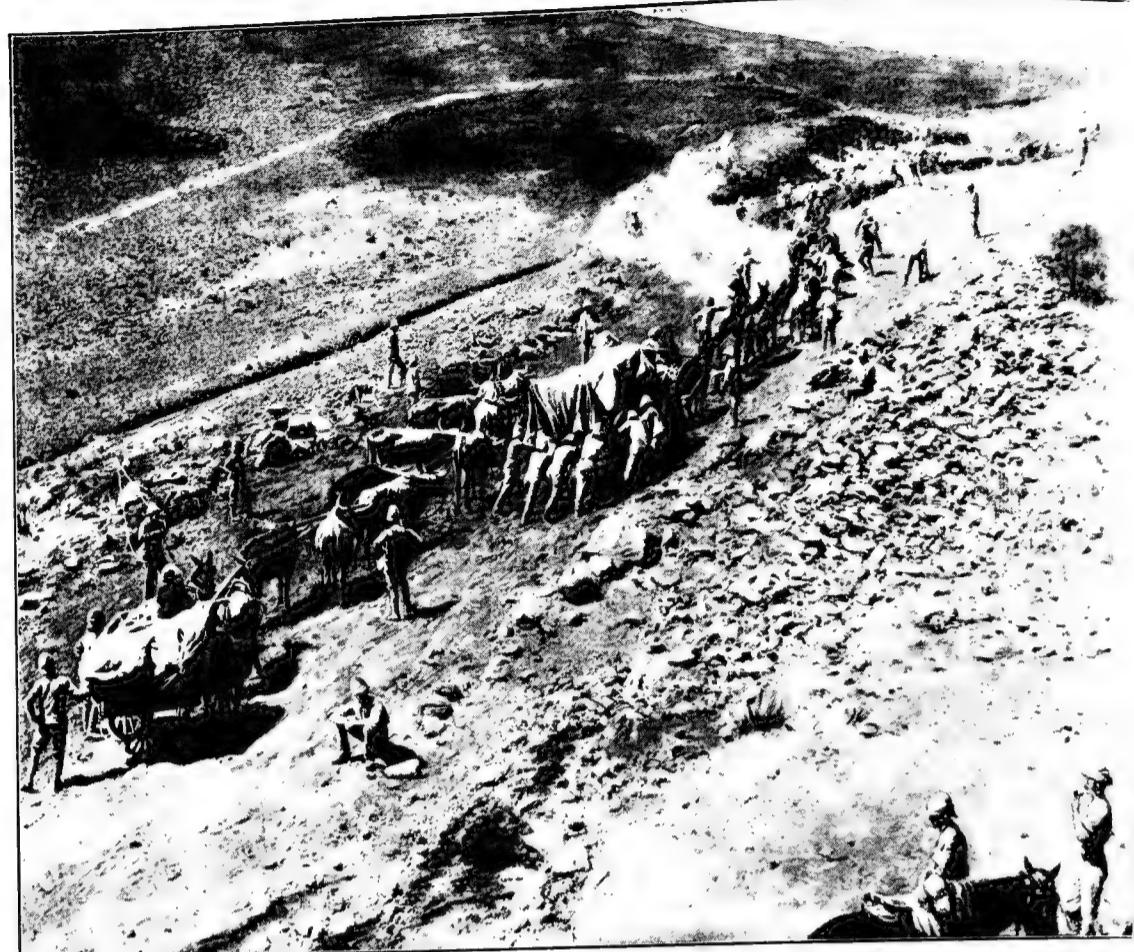
Now that the World's Fair has closed its doors, political agitation has resumed its usual place in public life. All the parties are bestirring themselves. The Nationalists, foiled in one quarter, raise some fresh scandal in another. The Bonapartists are refurbishing their weapons, but for the moment their councils are divided. In the past their propaganda has been a somewhat ridiculous one, and confined to an occasional banquet with closed doors, where some prominent actor would recite Victor Hugo's "Ode à la Colonne," and the guests would shout "Vive l'Empereur!" without fear of the police. Then a few noisy youths would invade the gallery of any theatre when a Napoleonic piece was being played (there has been no want of such for the last ten years) and indulge in obtrusive applause at passages glorifying the Empire.

Prince Victor's contribution was his annual telegram to Baron Legoux. All this was not very dangerous, and some of the more restless spirits got tired of waiting for some manifestation from the sphinx of Brussels. They are therefore inclined to throw Prince Victor overboard altogether and take up Prince Louis instead. They whisper mysteriously that the plan has the approval of the Tsar, and maintain that a young and dashing soldier will appeal more to the crowd than the hermit in the Belgian capital. They even propose that he should put up his candidature for the Chamber of Deputies at the next general election. One thing is sure, that since his promotion Prince Louis' name is more likely to impress the crowd. "General Bonaparte" is still a name to conjure with in France.

The Royalists, on the other hand, are not idle. The Duc d'Orléans' supporters are organising meetings in every quarter of Paris, and in the principal provincial centres. I am afraid, however, that an attempt to arouse enthusiasm for Philippe VII. is thrashing a dead horse. Apart from the aristocracy and a few wealthy snobs who wish to show *petite blanche* for admission into the charmed circle of the Faubourg Saint Germain, there is no great following for the monarchy in France.

The Exhibition buildings are being cleared away with feverish haste. The Avenue Nicholas II. and the Alexander III. bridge have already been given over to public traffic. The underground passage for tramways on the right bank of the Seine has been abolished and the route on the Cours la Reine re-established, the Quai d'Orsay has been again opened up from the Alexander III. bridge to the Pont des Invalides. Inside the palisades the Exhibition is already a scene of desolation. The lawns and flower-beds have disappeared, and their places have been taken by a sea of liquid mud, in which carts, vans, and other vehicles sink up to the axle-trees.

Some of the victims of the Exhibition take their misfortunes gaily. One *restaurateur*, whose losses are in the hundreds of thousands of francs, and who knew that the Exhibition authorities



When General French with his cavalry occupied Barberton, after crossing the mountains, the bulk of his force was toiling after him some thirty-five miles to the rear. Great difficulty was experienced in getting the waggons over the pass leading into the valley in which Barberton is situated. Our illustration is from a photograph by Lieutenant Toppin

## OVER THE MOUNTAINS TO BARBERTON

were about to seize his property by the minions of the law, gave a splendid banquet, to which he invited sixty of his friends. The choicest wines in the cellar were produced and conscientiously drunk. The *restaurateur* took the head of the table at this commercial *hari-kari*, and when the men of law put in their appearance, when the coffee was being discussed, he was able to inform them that all that was left them to seize was the bottle

of Chartreuse the waiter was about to pour into the *verres*. He suggested that the best thing for the *juré* to do was to join them in consuming it, which the bullet, being a Frenchman and a man of wit, promptly did. The rows of empty champagne, Bordeaux and Burgundy bottles showed him that, like the carbineers in Offenbach's opera, he had come just too late.



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.A.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS REPAIRING THE BANKS OF THE PEHO RIVER NEAR TIENSIN WRECKED BY THE CHINESE IN ORDER TO FLOOD THE COUNTRY

THE CHINESE CRISIS: MAKING GOOD DAMAGE DONE BY THE BOXERS



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY K. W. EVANS, KENSINGTON

"A CHILD STUDY"  
EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION

ENLARGED BY ELLIOTT AND SON, BARNET

G. H. HANCOCK

## Boers and Boxers

By CHARLES LOWE

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR's charger stumbled with him and caused his death. As for Roberts the Conqueror, as he himself reported, "my horse fell with me on Sunday and bruised me somewhat. Am doing work, and hope to be about in a few days." On the whole, perhaps, that was the most exciting telegram which has reached us from South Africa during the past week, unless, indeed, its interest was surpassed by a statement that his lordship had happily escaped another plot to murder him at Johannesburg; and it was presently followed by another which told us not only that the Field-Marshal himself had suffered no serious scathe from his fall—his horse had slipped on the wet ground—but that his daughter also, who had been seriously ill with enteric fever, was making most satisfactory progress towards recovery, so that there was every prospect of her illustrious father being able to return home in time for Christmas. As for other personal items—apart from the home-returning of a large number of distinguished officers—prominent among them was the announcement that, after the departure of Lord Roberts, Sir A. Milner would probably proceed to the Transvaal and make Pretoria his headquarters, and that Major-General Lord Kitchener would be promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General so as to enable him to exercise supreme command in the place of the Field-Marshal, in accordance with the seniority rules of the Service.

In the meantime it is difficult to form a true picture of the military situation in the conquered provinces. For the British bulletins are fragmentary and confused, leaving us wholly in the dark as to the present distribution of our forces, while the Boer reports are a tissue of grotesque falsehoods and misrepresentations. "One thing," wrote a Boer, on whose dead body his diary was found, "which this war has taught the Afrikander, is to lie till he nearly bursts." And of all the Boer romancers, De Wet, their greatest leader, would appear to be the worst. But even if the veracity of De Wet were open to doubt, there can be no possible question as to his courage—the courage of a desperate man who, as he says himself, has lost his only two sons in battle and his farmstead by burning—has lost, in fact, his country and his all, and has nothing more to live for but fighting to the bitter end. It is De Wet who is the real Hereward of the Boers, and he continues to be the soul of their sporadic and spasmodic resistance, which, however powerless to reverse the doom of the two Republics, is, nevertheless, active and effective enough to inflict upon our commanders and their wearied troops a chronic amount of loss, bother, and exasperation. Considerable numbers of our troops continue to return to their various homes throughout the Empire, but their comrades who are left behind are still finding plenty to do in fending off the attacks that are constantly directed against their detached posts and their communications—as witness the reports of several engagements during the past week all over the seat of war, some of which resulted in heavy loss to the Boers, and some in gallant little reverses to ourselves.

In China the Allied Powers are not making progress of the kind that can be called marked. Indeed, the so-called peace negotiations at Peking have been at something like a standstill ever since the Ministers there agreed to the eleven-point ultimatum note of France, which is now understood to include a claim for a general indemnity of sixty



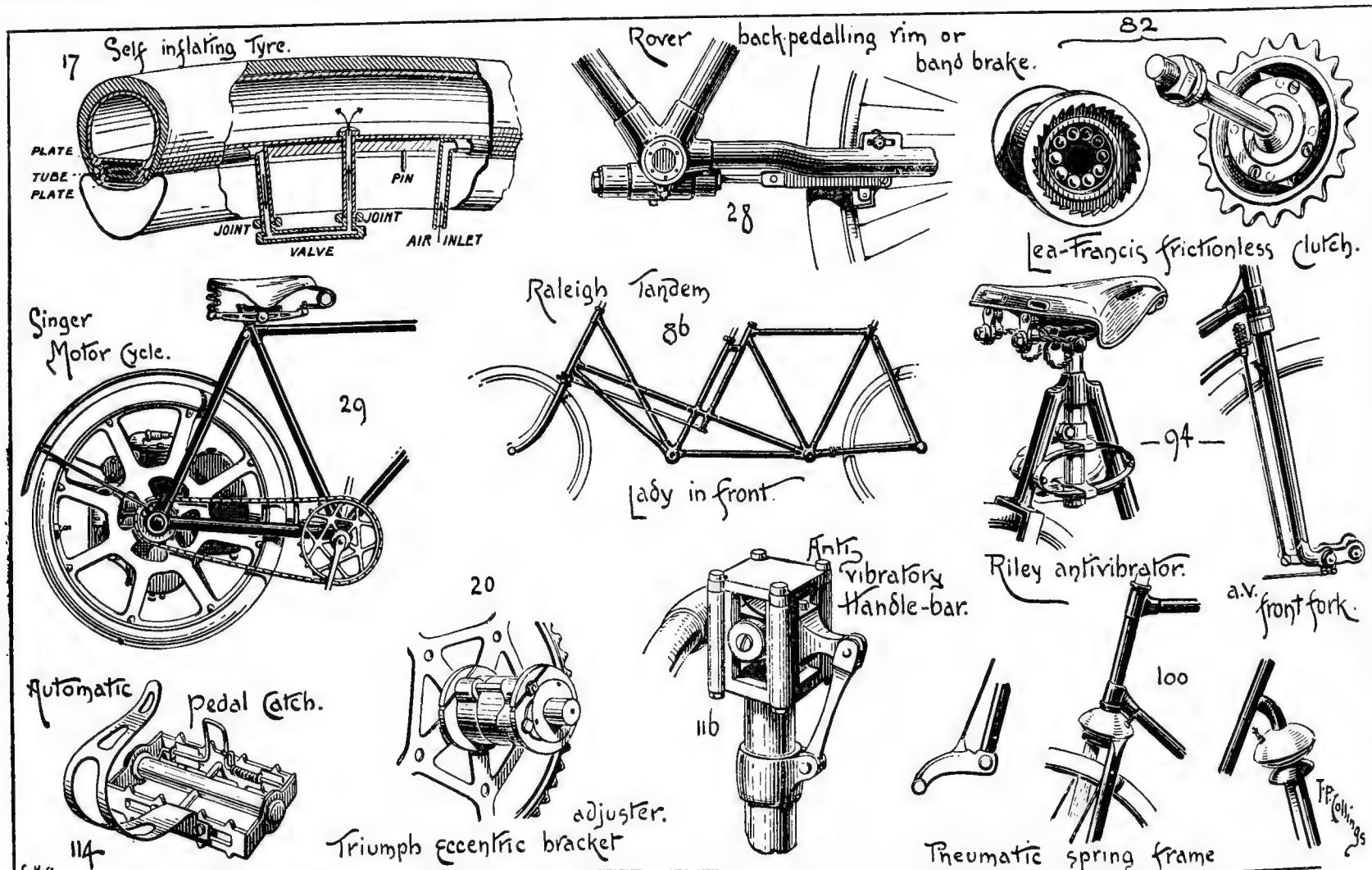
A SWORD OF HONOUR, subscribed for by Boer sympathisers in Paris for presentation to General Cronje, was handed on Tuesday by M. Henri Rochefort to Mr. Kruger for transmission to the General

## A SWORD OF HONOUR FOR CRONJE

millions sterling, or just a little under what the Boer War has hitherto cost us. But the Allied Governments—as distinguished from their Ministers at Peking—do not appear to be united in the bonds of unanimity, and it is from Washington that the slight jar of discord, or, at least, disagreement, is said to come—from Washington, which, as may be remembered, was the first to raise a theoretical objection to the demand for the handing over of the chief Boer culprits to the Powers, on the principle that every civilised State should be entrusted with the execution of its own justice. Mr. Hay has addressed to all the Powers an identical note explaining the scruples of the United States Government with regard to the eleven-point agreement at Peking, a note which may be generalised by saying that it appeals to the Allies "to bring their demands within reason, and to provide for making a united demand by supplying the means of executing it." In other words, the United States Government has asked the Powers to consider the advisability of reducing some of the demands, especially those concerning the execution of the Princes who favoured the Boxers, and the indemnity. In the meantime, anyhow, there is something of a diplomatic deadlock at Peking, but, thanks to the energy and the circumspection of Count Waldersee, the arms of the Allies have everywhere triumphed—save at Si-gnan-fu, the distant seat of the Imperial Court, where it is impossible for them to penetrate and prevail.

## The National Cycle Show

THIS year's National Cycle Show is the smallest ever held that name. More than one well-known firm is conspicuous absence among the exhibitors. But there was no failing of interest taken by the public in the show, and it must be once that although the exhibit has decreased, there is no deterioration in the quality of the articles exhibited. On some of the stands such as those of the Centaur, New Premier, Raleigh, E. Singer, Triumph, and other well-known firms were to be seen good examples of the up-to-date bicycle as one could wish. One of the first things a visitor notices in the cycles on show is the almost universal adoption of the rim brake at the gradual extinction of the old spoon brake. One of the most interesting novelties in the exhibition is the anti-self-inflating, pneumatic tyre, exhibited by the Self-Inflating Tyre Company. It is a marvellous, yet in reality a very simple invention. The idea is that the tyre by rolling along the road surface should pump its own air in for inflation. The punctured tyre is as good for riding purposes as a non-punctured one, the inflator responding automatically to any slackness, a loss of air being made good by automatic action. A detailed description is here impossible, but every cyclist should see this ingenious contrivance, which saves him from the misery of puncture and from the fatigue of working a portable pump. Another improvement is shown by the Triumph Company, who exhibits an eccentric bottom bracket for chain adjustment. The nuts, easily accessible, are all that have to be manipulated to the tightening or loosening of the chain. Anti-vibration is the pet object of many inventors. Mr. John Stewart exhibits cycles with frames fitted with pneumatic cushions to overcome vibration caused by the roughness of the roads. The fitting is ugly, but riders who have tried cycles thus fitted speak highly of the invention. The Riley Company also exhibit cycles fitted with an anti-vibratory device (Sadler's patent). The device for the seat consists of a clever adaptation of elliptical springs, upon which is supported the weight of the rider. The device for the fork consists in the front wheel being carried forward in a bracket rocking on a central axis at the extreme ends of the forks. Tension rods are placed at the other end of the rockers, which compress a spiral spring, and these springs are placed on each rod which act in the opposite way to the main spring. Mr. Sadler, the inventor of the anti-vibratory contrivance for the seat exhibited at the Riley stand, also shows an ingenious anti-vibratory handle-bar on his stand. Time only can tell the real worth of these inventions. In the meanwhile, the cycling Press says that the device has been well received by riders. The Singer Company shows a motor bicycle, in which nearly everything additional to an ordinary cycle is contained in the back wheel. Sufficient petrol is contained for a fifty-mile run. The price of the machine is 66/- 10s. On the Raleigh Company's stand, which contains nineteen cycles, is a tandem made on a new pattern, with the seat for the lady in front, where for her own comfort she ought to be. The Rover Company, which also has a fine show of machines, exhibits a back-pedalling brake—a highly ingenious device which will, no doubt, be tried by many next season. The Lea-Francis Company exhibit a frictionless clutch, which is a radical departure from the usual construction. When the wheeling the bearing of the "Lea-Francis" clutch being mounted on a non-rotating axle does not come into action at all, and the only parts in contact as between the stationary chain ring and the hub ring are the small pawls, and the friction set up by these is so slight that it will not drive the chain ring in spite of the latter's free full bearing.



THE NATIONAL CYCLE SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: SOME NOVELTIES

DRAWN BY T. P. COLLINGS

**THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN**  
**FACTS ABOUT CORPULENCE.**

The garden of adipose tissue under which so many men and women suffer, with more or less pain and resignation, is one which none need be afraid to listen to the teachings of science as set out in a little book entitled "Corpulence and its Cure," by Mr. F. Cecil Russell, a well-known author who has devoted many years of study to the subject, for never alarming it may sound to say that a tendency to fatness, obesity is an insidious encumbrance and must be treated accordingly. It is singular indeed that the medical profession should have given so little attention to the cause and cure of this distressing malady, especially when it is known that an abnormal bulk of fat accumulating around the internal organs leads not unfrequently to what is called "œdema of the heart and liver." In Mr. Russell's treatise, which has recently reached its tenth edition (a significant proof of its popularity), the subject is treated with great thoroughness and lucidity. Eschewing the usual obscurities of medical terminology, the author explains in good plain English the origin of fat, the causes and dangers of its undue accumulation, and the symptoms of the various ailments engendered thereby, not to mention Mr. Russell goes exhaustively into his method of treatment and gives the ingredients which are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. The preparation with which his name is associated, "Doing Russell," is a not uncommon name and certainly one which has no terrors for us who have gone through this really agreeable treatment. The system is, in fact, as admirably simple as it is marvellously efficacious. It entails slight interference with one's ordinary dietary, there are no arbitrary restrictions of any sort, the preparation Mr. Russell prescribes is so pleasant a kind that many persons take it diluted with water, as a table beverage. This starvation régime, on the contrary: whilst a reduction of adipose matter is being effected, slowly and surely, at the rate of no less than from 1 to 2 lbs. per week (sometimes considerably more), the appetite is improved, the system is gradually toned up, and strength, energy, and vitality increased. The dainty little bound book or notice can be obtained by any of our readers who will send two penny stamps to Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford (near London). Hundreds of grateful and enthusiastic letters from "ex-corpulents" are printed in many of this interesting work.—Extract from "The Standard," October 20, 1900.

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THIS volume is, as Mr. Henry James explains, based on a series of notes made some years since with the idea of furnishing text for a collection of drawings. The drawings, however, failed, but one can scarcely regret this, since it has resulted in the book appearing now carefully illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell. The book is a series of chapters dealing with wanderings round about



THE CHATEAU: AMBOISE  
From "A Little Tour in France." By Henry James. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. (Heinemann)

Tours, Blois, Chambord, Amboise, Langeais, Bourges, Poitiers, Angoulême, Toulouse, Narbonne, Arles, Dijon, and a host of other places, and it is written with that subtle sympathy which is Mr. James's chief characteristic. Not an old town or château is there in whose history and associations he does not seem to be steeped, not a subject does he touch upon without making it new and fascinating, while Mr. Pennell's work is wholly in keeping with the spirit of the volume, for both artist and writer are far removed from the photographic class, and approach their theme in the spirit of the best romanticists. One cannot imagine any book better calculated to send people wandering through these old French towns, each one a storehouse of splendid memories, and one cannot imagine any more agreeable volume to have with one on one's wanderings. One of the illustrations which we reproduce shows all that remains of the Abbey of St. Martin, at Tours, which waxed rich and powerful through the Middle Ages, until it became known as one of the most luxurious houses in Christendom.

It passed, however, through many vicissitudes. Pillaged by the Normans in the ninth century, by the Huguenots in the sixteenth, it received its death-blow from the Revolution, which must have brought to bear upon it an energy of destruction equal to its mighty bulk. At the end of the last century a huge group of ruins alone remained, and what we see to-day may be called the ruin of a ruin. It is difficult to understand how so vast an edifice can have been so completely obliterated. Its site is given up to several ugly streets, and a pair of tall towers, separated by a space which speaks volumes as to the size of the church, and looking across the close pressed roofs to the happier spires of the cathedral—preserve for the modern world the memory of a great fortune, a great abuse, perhaps, and at all events a great penalty. . . The two surviving towers, which are dissimilar in shape, are enormous; with those of the cathedral they form the great landmarks of the town.

The Château of Amboise, shown in the other illustration which we reproduce, stands on the Loire, over which it commands a splendid view. It is the property of the Comte de Paris, and during the sixteenth century was a frequent resort of the French Court. It was here that Mary Stuart spent sundry hours of her first marriage, ("A Little Tour in France.") By Henry James. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. (Heinemann.)

**Christmas Bookshelf****GLIMPSES OF THE ANIMAL WORLD**

Two contributions from the other side of the Atlantic bring Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson into the first rank as an observer of wild things in fur and feathers. His "Biography of a Grizzly" (Hodder and Stoughton) is a really pathetic sketch of a solitary bear in the Wild West from its happy days as a fat, furry cub to its lonely end in the Valley of Death, and the clever illustrations by Mrs. Grace Seton-Thompson

worthily match the text. No less charming are the short sketches in "Kaggylug the Rabbit" (Nutt), with their vivid descriptions of mother fox and her family, the cotton-tail rabbits, the proud little partridge, and the crafty old wort Lolo. Possibly the elders will enjoy these books even more than the children, being better able to appreciate the love of animals and the keen insight into the nature which make these pages so attractive.



THE TOWERS OF ST. MARTIN: TOURS  
From "A Little Tour in France." By Henry James. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. (Heinemann)

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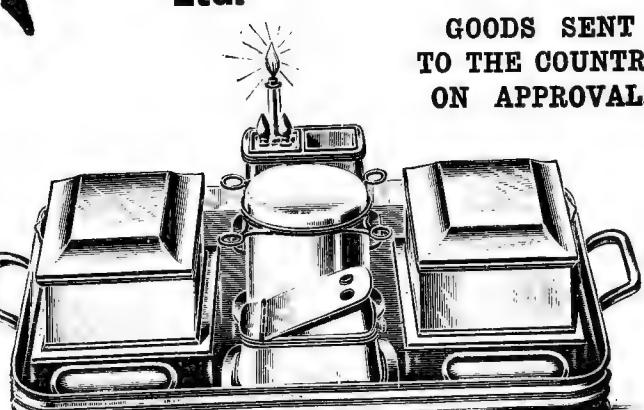


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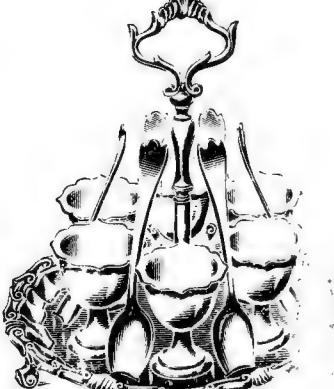
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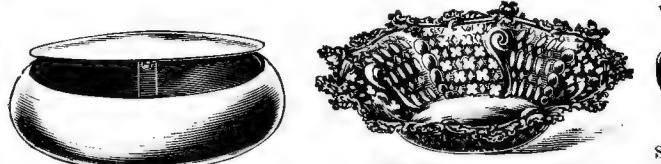
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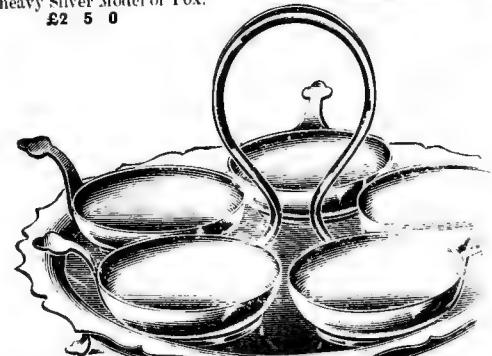
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By W. MOY THOMAS

## "THE WISDOM OF THE WISE"

So great a favourite as Mrs. Molesworth naturally claims first place. "The House that Grew" (Macmillan) will not disappoint her many admirers, especially as it has rather more plot and incident than usual. The young people, whose playhouse turns into a practical home when the turn of fortune's wheel brings them down in the world, are just nice, natural children, and their doings and pranks are thoroughly wholesome as well as interesting for small readers. To fall from wealth to poverty and bear the reverse bravely is quite a favourite subject this Christmas, for we meet it in two more volumes. Miss Ethel Turner, so well known for her Australian stories, uses it to great advantage in "Three Little Maids" (Ward Lock), her juvenile trio being the sweetest little damsels bent on helping a widowed mother. So, too, with Miss L. Robson in "The Girl Without Ambition" (Cassell), which hits the learned up-to-date damsels rather hard, showing her up in an unfavourable contrast to the practical-minded girl who cares more for home and domestic duties than for books and scholarships. Older girls will like "Sisters Three" (Cassell), by Jessie Mansergh—a pleasant chronicle of family life and mild love affairs.

## STORIES OF ADVENTURE

A boy's book that should be popular is "Red, White and Green" (Nelson), by Herbert Hayens. Here the author has taken the Hungarian Insurrection of 1848 as the groundwork of his plot, and tells us the story of two young Hungarians, followers of Kossuth, throughout the brilliant yet unsuccessful revolt. It is an interesting and exciting tale, full of action, heroism and pluck, and it is also instructive, for few boys have an opportunity of learning anything of Austrian history in the ordinary course of their studies.

"The Black Pilgrim" (Digby Long) is hardly a boy's book, although it is rich in exciting incidents, murders and bloodthirsty engagements. It deals with the murderous disputes between the Slavs and Mahomedans in the Balkan Peninsula. The author, Michael Czajkowski, was born a Pole, but, settling in Turkey, he became a Mahomedan. He acquired great political influence, and chiefly directed his activity against the Russians. The book is translated by S. C. de Soisson.

Two books that take us back to the days of Fenimore Cooper and Captain Mayne Reid are "Red Jacket, the Last of the Senecas," and "Iron Heart, the War Chief of the Iroquois" (Cassell), both by E. S. Ellis. The scene of both these stories is laid in the backwoods of America at the time when Washington was President, and was occupied with the difficult task of subduing the Red Indians. The stories abound in exciting incidents of Indian warfare, treacherous Indians outwitted by wily scouts, boys taken prisoners and rescued in the nick of time, and many other adventures out of which the heroes emerge in safety.

A book of a different stamp, and one that should interest both boys and readers of more mature age, is "Helmet and Spear" (Seely), by the Rev. A. J. Church, the author of "Stories from Homer." The volume consists of a number of well-written stories from the wars of the Greeks and Romans. He has used, he tells us, mostly the original authorities, availing himself, where it was possible, of the help of Plutarch, whose biographies are always rich in biographical details. He thus relates the most heroic episodes of the wars of Greece and Persia, Greece and Carthage, and of Rome and the Barbarians.

Off for the good old-fashioned heroine who was all simplicity and trustfulness, and punctiliose in matters of honour. Some such exclamation as this was probably in the minds and hearts of many spectators at the first performance of Mrs. Craigie's new play at the St. JAMES'S Theatre. Here we have a charming young Duchess and a most exemplary young Duke who ought to be perfectly happy, for they are in the midst of their honeymoon, and they are devotedly attached to each other; but the Duchess of St. Asaph, without any reasonable excuse that we are permitted to perceive, lends a ready ear to a little coterie of cynical, malevolent, mischief-making and scandalising women, who persuade her that husbands require what is known as "managing," and that wives who would retain their hold upon their affection must study to "make themselves a mystery," and, above all, must not be lavish in displays of affection. Certainly the Duchess does not exhibit that "hate of gossip parlance" which, "through all her placid life," crowned Tennyson's Isabel "the queen of marriage a most perfect wife;" for, instead of declining to practise a mean affection, she proceeds—much to the Duke's surprise and bewilderment—to put her corruptors' "little hoard of maxims" into practice. Worse than this, when Mrs. Wuthering, the most malicious of the ladies who haunt the drawing-room of the mansion in Piccadilly, whispers in her ear that her husband, unfaithful to his fortnight-old marriage vows, has made an appointment with a suspicious and beautiful lady, Miss Amabel East, at a certain hotel at midnight, she has so poor a regard for her husband's honour that she consents at once to accompany her temptress to the hotel at the hour mentioned, "just," as folk might say, "to see whether the charge was true." How differently would the good old-fashioned heroine have behaved? Not even the sensible and true avouch of her own eyes would have satisfied her, and she would have been right; for St. Asaph is not only able to explain that he came there with no worse motive than to plead the cause of his friend, Lord Appleford, whom Miss East, on some misunderstanding, has cruelly jilted, he is able to produce the mysterious young lady's two elderly maiden aunts to bear witness to the purity of his motives, and finally even Lord Appleford himself, who happens to be waiting in an anti-chamber to learn the result of his friend's generous interposition. This *dénouement* brings about the "happy ending" which is so dear to the hearts of simple-minded playgoers, but while promptly restoring the young bride and bridegroom to each other's arms Mrs. Craigie seems to have been hardly conscious of the rather poor figure which her heroine cuts under these humiliating circumstances. The dialogue generally is sprightly and clever, though there is decidedly too much of it. The acting, moreover, was excellent. Mr. George Alexander won indeed so much sympathy for the persecuted young Duke that it became the less easy to do justice to the cleverness and charm of Miss Fay Davis's impersonation of the too-easily personated Duchess. Mr. H. B. Irving's Appleford was an excellent character study, and Miss Julie Opp awakened much interest in the mysterious Miss East.

## "THE SECOND IN COMMAND"

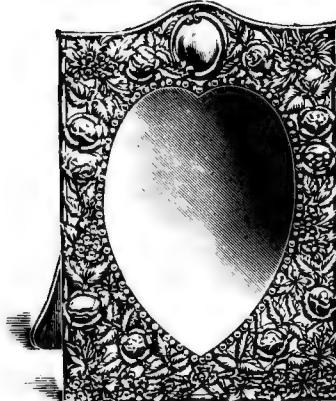
IT is no doubt to be regretted that Captain Marshall has not been able to invent anything fresher or more plausible for the cardinal incident of his new military comedy at the HAYMARKET, than a misunderstanding between two lovers artificially maintained by more or less artificial devices; but to insist upon absolute novelty in these matters would be to interfere very seriously with the output of new plays. Fortunately those who can bring themselves as the audience at the HAYMARKET on Tuesday evening evidently did—to condone this shortcoming had very little more to complain of. *The Second in Command* is an eminently pleasing and wholesome comedy, showing how Colonel Anstruther, of the 10th Dragoons, is induced to believe that the beautiful and accomplished Miss Muriel Mannerin, when she jilted Major Christopher Bingham in favour of himself, had simply sacrificed her own inclinations to a desire to assist her brother, Lieutenant Mannerin, whose pecuniary embarrassments threaten to compel him to resign his commission, and with it his prospect of professional advancement. In this belief the colonel sails with his regiment for the Cape. When the curtain rises upon the fourth and last act twelve months have elapsed, and Muriel and her protectress, Lady Harburgh, are seen in the cottage hospital at Portsmouth, awaiting the arrival of a portion of the 10th Dragoons invalided home. Need be said that among these are Colonel Anstruther and Major Bingham, and that in the interval of time Bingham has confessed to the former the true story of Muriel's inclinations, which is, that she has never loved the Major, though, under the persistent persuasion of Lady Harburgh, she had been induced for a time to accept his attentions, and that the true object of her affections was the colonel. All this is doubtless anticipated by the spectators; nor are they unprepared to learn that Bingham has atoned for a little lack of candour on his part, not only by his confession, but by saving the life of his colonel under circumstances which have resulted in winning for him the Victoria Cross. The element of surprise, it is true, is wholly wanting to the fourth act and the *dénouement*; but it is all very pretty. The incident of the introduction of the general officer, who, with his adjutant, is the bearer of a message from the Queen, and who pins the Cross on the left breast of the wounded major, was deeply impressive, and military experts assure us that the details of military life in the mess-room, the colonel's quarters in barracks, and the Cottage Hospital, which add so much to the colour and animation of the scenes, are strictly accurate. *The Second in Command* won an unequivocal success. In the stupid, good-natured Bingham, who candidly confesses himself "a duffer," Mr. Cyril Maude finds another opportunity for his great talent for eccentric and humorous character acting, and Miss Sybil Carlisle played the heroine Muriel with great force and sincerity, together with a gentle pathos which enabled us the easier to condone her somewhat vacillating treatment of her two military admirers. Nor was Mr. Allan Aynesworth less successful in winning favour for the manly, honest, self-sacrificing colonel. The whole performance, indeed, was deserving of high praise—Mr. Vane Tempest particularly distinguishing himself by his humorous impersonation of a dissipated young nobleman, who gets rid of his bad habits by hard work in campaigning, and Miss Fanny Coleman contributing no less to the spectator's pleasure by her highly finished and amusing portrait of the stately Lady Harburgh.

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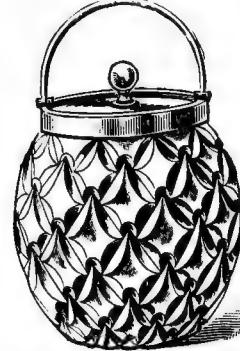
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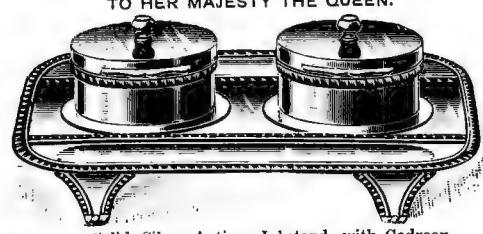
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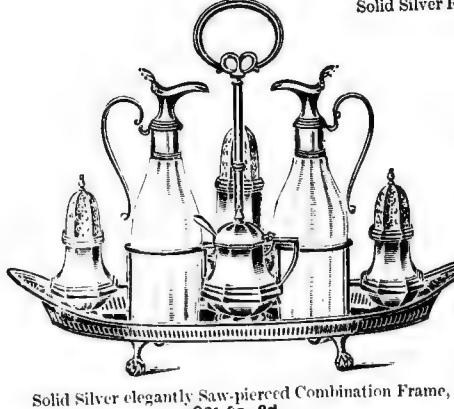


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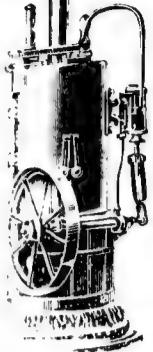
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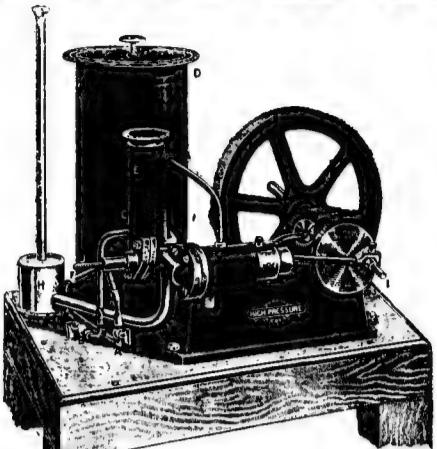
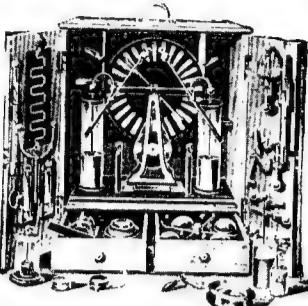
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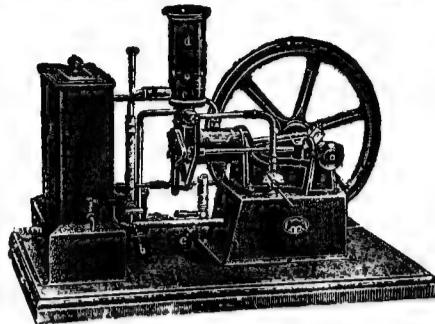
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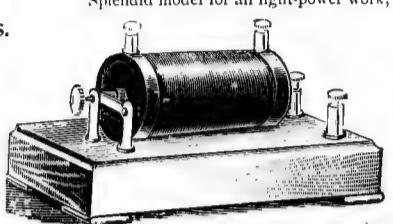
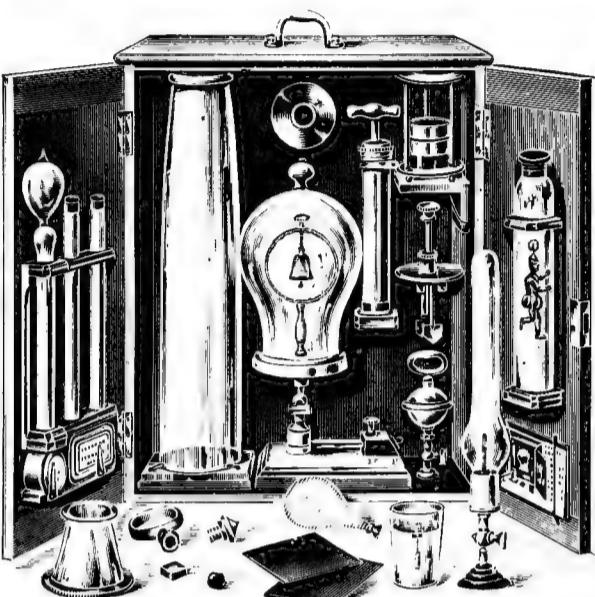
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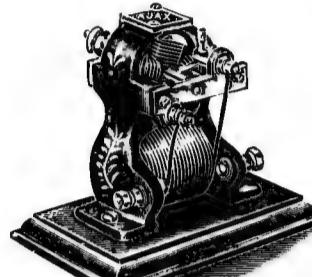
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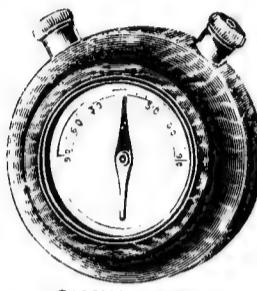
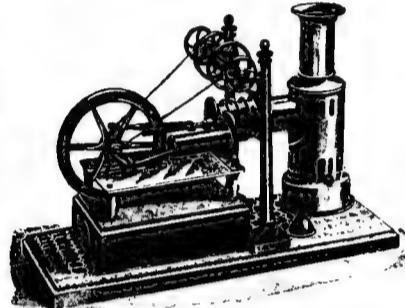
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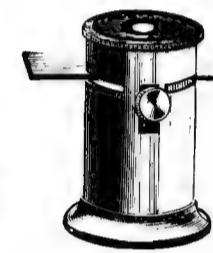
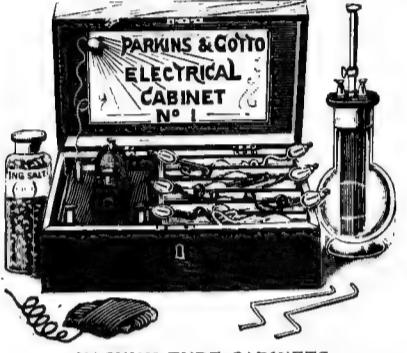
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## New Nobels

## "TOMMY AND GRIZEL"

No praise can be too high for the skilled labour that has now resulted in the complete biography of the late Thomas Sandys, the first part under the title of "Sentimental Tommy," the second under that of "Tommy and Grizel" (Cassell and Co.). The work is exhaustive; not a word remains to be said on the type of character that Mr. J. M. Barrie has studied through and through. Tommy, it will be remembered, is one of those people—more numerous than other people are constitutionally able to suppose—who are incapable of growing up, who never acquire a character of their own, but whose too vivid imagination enables them to "make believe" at pleasure, like children playing at being somebody else, and perhaps more than a single somebody else at the same time. De Quincy has spoken of the inveteracy of the habit in his case. But Tommy's case was extreme; and, as nobody—except Mr. Barrie—was able to follow his vagaries, or knew who or what he might happen to be at any given moment, it is not strange that he should get into embarrassing entanglements, or frequently seem to a considerably worse sort of creature than merely a *gamin* with a dash of genius. A stupid and practical world will not sufficiently distinguish between fancies and lies, between unconscious and conscious hypocrisy, between feeble vanity and heartless calculation—especially when the results are the same. Poor Grizel, unhappily, allowed too faithful a love, and too deficient a sense of humour, to take him seriously. That way lay madness; and how Tommy sent her literally mad is the more pathetic for being so inevitable. In short the whole story of "Tommy and Grizel" is a masterly piece of portraiture, and if by this time we feel that we have had enough of the former, and are glad of his rather cruelly contrived demise, it is chiefly because there cannot be anything more about him to know.

In only one respect does his creator, or discoverer appear guilty of inconsistency. The Tommy who makes such masterful love to Lady Pippinworth is not the passionless "making-believe" Tommy of Thrums and Mayfair. He seems to be introduced for the sole purpose of turning comedy into tragedy. For all the rest this second volume of the autobiography is a fine piece of work, rendered all the more satisfactory for the assurance that its hero is safely dead and buried. One may have enough of even finer things.

## "PECCAVI"

Why is Mr. E. W. Hornung's good work unlike good wine? Because it does need a Bush—namely, the Australian, to bring out its full strength and flavour. While far from deficient in these qualities, "Peccavi" (Grant Richards) appears to have been written by one to whom rustic England is much less known than is Australia—thanks to him among others—to the average English reader. The virtual outlawry of the Rector of Long Stow by his parishioners, to his extent of his being unable to obtain the necessities of life, for whatever cause, is as wild an exaggeration as it would be futile in any country where post-offices and railway trains are not unknown. And even had Long Stow been a desert island instead of a present-day English parish, a Defoe would have known his business too well to make his hero build an entire church with his own pair of hands. Yet by no less afeat did this pariah of a rector endeavour to expiate the sin which enables "Peccavi" to claim the honour of descent as well from the "Scarlet Letter" as from "Robinson Crusoe." But these and other incredibilities when once granted, unquestionably serve to bring about a situation dramatically strong enough to justify their use by their end. We will not spoil it by saying more than that the catastrophe is as powerful as it is painful; indeed, it could not impress the mind, and the memory too, so painfully without amply corresponding power.

Indeed, so gloomy is the tone of the novel throughout as to make one grateful for its self-evident unreality.

## "THE MARBLE FACE"

G. Colmore's "The Marble Face" (Smith, Elder and Co.) consists of two identical narratives given in alternate extracts from the diaries of its hero and heroine. If it be objected that things cannot be identical, the objector has only to read "The Marble Face" to be satisfied that they can. So much is this the case that the incredible foolishness of Darnley Cottrel, the narrator, is as evident in Laura Lequesnay's diary as in his own. He, a grown man, of wealth and position, is told by his mother that he killed his younger brother, and that he must consequently consider himself doomed to celibacy and social ostracism. He takes for granted both the fact and the consequences, and all his mother, who otherwise treats him barbarously, to dispose of him as she will. Happily, his co-diary, Laura, brings not only love but good sense to the poor fellow's aid; and heartily concurs in bringing to condign poetical justice his "marble-faced" mother. The plot is grotesquely improbable, to say the least, there is a certain romantic weirdness of character and incident that renders it impressive.

## "PREJUDGED"

Florence Montgomery's prettily written tale (Macmillan and Co.) conveys, in the pleasantest of ways, the most perpetually necessary of morals—that is to say, the unwise of passing harsh judgment without proof, even when suspicious circumstances are aggravated by a limping gait and large blue goggles. The young person whom it is presumably written should—and no doubt will—find "Prejudged" that agreeable change from adventurous excitement which even the wildest spirits must at times require.

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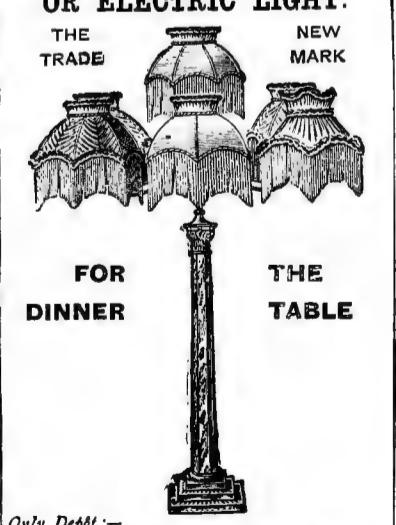
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## Rural Notes

## THE SEASON

NOVEMBER has fewer sunnies than July and twenty-one hours more bright sunshine than December. This is not "answering to expectation" in either case, and with respect to the transition to December most persons will continue to believe that while the cold of December is actually what records show it to be, five degrees colder than November, the fall in the thermometer is usually accompanied by a clearer atmosphere. The bulk of the sunshine records is that a few very fine days in November make up for over twenty days which, on the average, are quite sunless. A day like the 23rd, for example, adds six hours at a single touch. In December, when typical cold weather sets in, we have frequent pleasant noons, but the clouds begin to shut out the sun about 3 p.m., and even a very fine day's mean of sunshine is about four hours instead of six. December is not usually as wet as November by just half an inch. The November rainfall records this year are likely to show some very large figures, especially from the north and west. The night frosts of the past month have exceeded the average in number, but as they have included no sharp falls in the temperature, only the minimum of damage has been caused. The leaves on the elder show for the most part no sign of frost, and the October show of chrysanthemums has continued all through the last four weeks. Farmers have been lucky in the absence of sharp frost, for, in hopes

of a further swelling of their roots, they left them in the ground till mid-November, and the wet weather then caused a fortnight's enforced keeping off the land. There is a good acreage of wheat already sown, and that which was sown in early October shows an extremely healthy plant. The health of live stock has seldom been more satisfactory.

## THE AGRICULTURAL CLERK

A visit to a modern farm always has, at least, one surprise in store for us, and that is the clerical work involved. Farmers who have lived, prospered, and left money running well into five figures have to our knowledge kept no accounts beyond those which the makers of small pocket diaries provide for at the end of the diary proper. These days, however, seem to be over, and doubtless the excessive dependence on what one man of exceptional ability could "carry in his head" was the cause why so many successful farmers in the past were succeeded by unsuccessful sons. The modern system provides for continuity; the old did not. To-day the daily yield of milk from each cow is noted, the yield of corn, straw, &c., from each field. The averages are made up at frequent intervals, the losses from death on a large number of farm animals are subdivided into those caused by accident, by disease, and by birth of young. Here again averages soon become available, and by reference to a book like the last edition of "Stephen's Book of the Farm" the farmer can learn whether he is holding his own with his brethren or not. The farmer still resents for the most part this new task, but the employment of a commercial clerk is thoroughly justified on any large farm, and he will be kept busy, too. The really able man

will probably find the new system reduce his earnings. In thirty years a clerk's salary, with interest, would eat up from four to six thousand pounds. But instead of feeling that his own death would probably reduce his family from affluence to difficulty the new type of large farmer will know that he is handling over "a good concern," which any diligent chief of the most moderate brains can keep running.

## A GOOD IDEA

The admirable arrangements being made for Glasgow Exhibition of 1901 give pause to the prevalent idea that with the nineteenth century the era of exhibitions has closed. From all that we know the Glasgow Show will be quite remarkable for the thoroughness with which the different special sections will be presented. One of agriculture will include a model farm on the most complete scale. Hitherto those who wanted to see model farms had to go long drives into the country, but at Glasgow the visitor will pass a mile and find himself on what, for all practical purposes of site-seeing, will be a high-class up-to-date farm. The house, by-cattle-sheds, strawyards, barn, granary, machine-shed, dairy-poultry-shed will all be open to inspection, and we hope it will be possible to show the farm with cattle, horses, fowls, &c., exactly as it were out in the country. There seems no reason why milk and other operations of the farm should not be carried on. If the section does not attract we shall be surprised. The expense of constructing even in iron the farm and outhouses must needs be considerable, but we hope the organisers will not have to charge separate entrance money.

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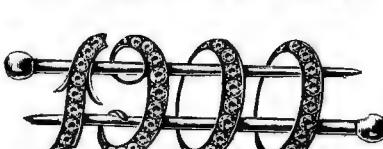
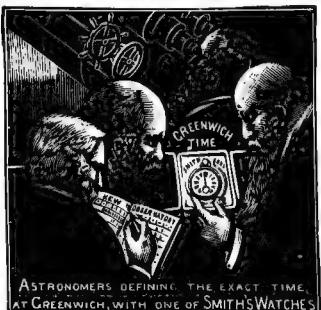
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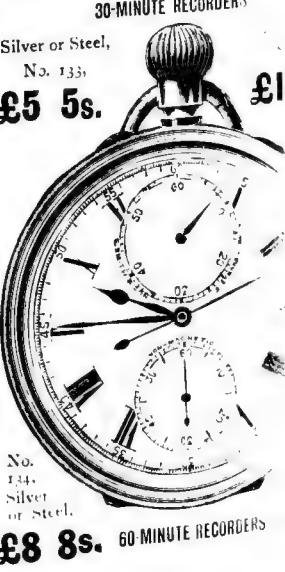
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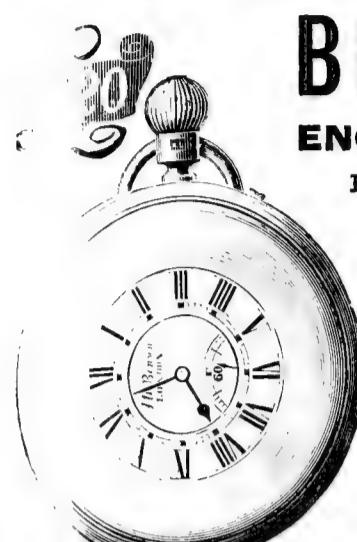
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## EGYPT THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO

ONE of the two new volumes of the archaeological survey of Egypt forms the fourth of the series devoted to the tombs of Beni Hasan. It contains twenty-seven plates, of which twenty-one are coloured, illustrating details, zoological and otherwise, from the wall paintings in the tombs of Chnem-hetep and Amenemhat. The reunion of Egypt under Amenemhat I., founder of the 12th dynasty, had given a great impulse to Egyptian art, which had well-nigh suffered extinction during the dark ages of dynasties seven to ten; and the tombs of Beni Hasan and Sint afford ample proof that the artist of the Middle Kingdom, although in most ways as staunch a conventionalist as his predecessor of the Old, was by no means his inferior in ability. The accuracy of the pictures of bird life evinces more than the mere casual observer of nature, and the frequency with which the deceased was at all times depicted in the act of dealing destruction among the

\*\* The Archaeological Survey of Egypt: Seventh Memoir." Edited by F. L. C. Griffith. Published by the Egypt Exploration Fund.

## THE GRAPHIC

DECEMBER 1, 1893

numerous water-fowl and fishes which swarmed in the papyrus marshes of the Delta, shows that the ancient Egyptian could imagine no more delightful occupation for his "double" in the Land of Shades. The portraits of the favourite dogs of Chnem-hetep are especially interesting as evidence that such widely separated types as the greyhound and dachshund existed even before 2,000 B.C. The outline plates are devoted mainly to details of the arts and crafts, indications of the various colours being given in all cases. To each plate a short and pithy description has been written by Mr. Griffith. The plates themselves, which are really excellent examples of colour printing, are from facsimiles by Messrs. Howard Carter, M. W. Blackden, Percy Brown, and Percy Buckman.

† The eighth memoir begins a series which is to be devoted to the Mastaba of Ptah-hetep and Akhet-hetep, lately excavated by Mr. N. de G. Davies. This magnificent example of Fifth Dynasty architecture was reopened because it was thought desirable that the

† "The Archaeological Survey of Egypt," Edited by F. L. C. Griffith. Eighth Memoir. "The Mastaba of Ptah-hetep and Akhet-hetep at Saggareh," Part I. "The Chapel of Ptah-hetep and the Hieroglyphs." By N. de G. Davies, M.A., F.R.A.S., with Chapters by the Editor.

sixth memoir on the hieroglyphs of the Middle and New Kingdom should be followed by a study of the earlier forms of the signs. At the same time it was believed that the descriptions given by Men and Dumichen were not exhaustive. The book contains a chapter by Mr. Davies on the tomb generally, and one by the editor, Mr. F. L. C. Griffith, on the sculptured scenes in the chapel. Ptah-hetep. Mr. Griffith is also responsible for the interesting valuable notes on the hieroglyphs in detail. A plan and section of the tomb is given, also sixteen plates illustrating individual hieroglyphs. Besides there are seventeen photographs of the interior of the tomb which show far more adequately than any outline drawing the form and accuracy of the sculptures. Scenes from the chase, the hunt, and the river are all represented, and once again it is impossible to help being struck by the extraordinary appreciation with which animal life was depicted by the Egyptian artist; in fact, the book shows far more freedom in his treatment of animals than is found in any other book, although we have in this tomb what is perhaps the most lively of all the reliefs of the Old Kingdom, the scene of a squalid boatmen on the Nile.

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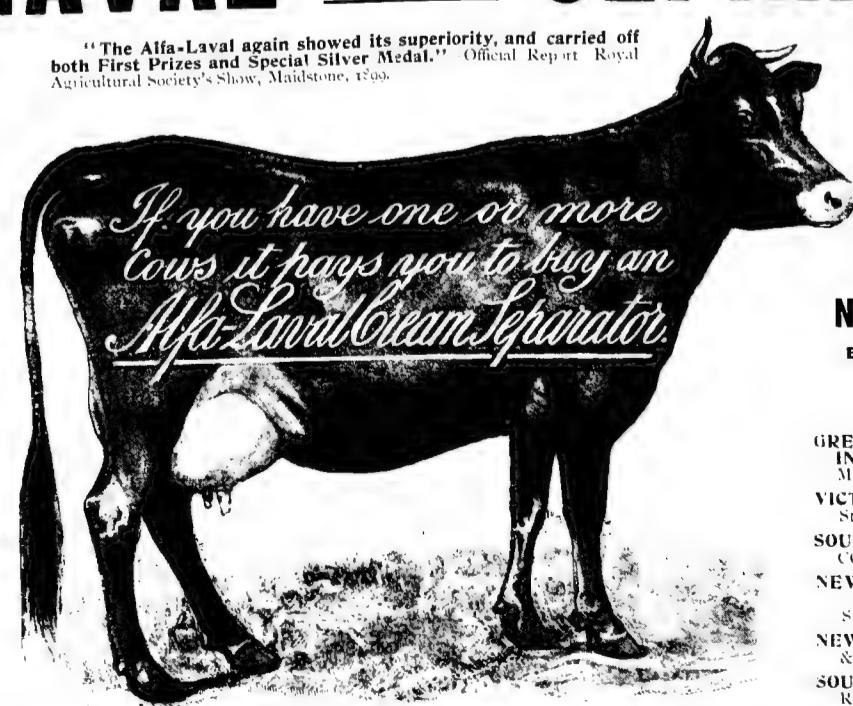
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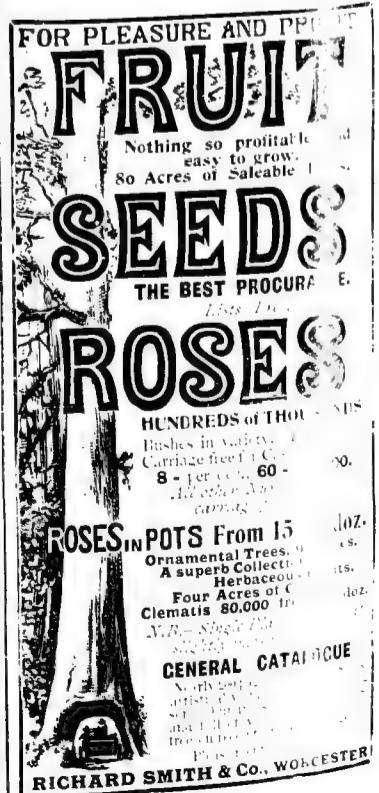


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\* "Sailing Alone Around the World." (Sampson Low.)

numerous and exciting, and the volume will prove well worth the perusal of all sea-loving English men and boys. If at times the author is guilty of the somewhat American fault of exaggeration, it may be overlooked on account of the undoubted merits of the work.

The first question that arises in the minds of those interested in this adventurous voyage will be as to the dimensions of the craft in which it was accomplished. The early history of the *Spray* (for that was her name) is hardly less wonderful than the story of the cruise itself. In 1892, when Captain Slocum was in Boston, cogitating whether he should go back to sea or work in the ship-yard, an old acquaintance, a whaling captain, told him that if he went to Fairhaven he would give him a ship, adding, "she wants some repairs." On arriving at the place indicated he found that the "ship" was a very antiquated sloop, which the neighbours declared had been built in the year 1, and which was propped up in a field some distance from the sea, and where she had stood for the previous seven years. However, in no way discouraged, he determined to rebuild her, or rather to build over her. This he did, and

every bit of it with his own hands. To quote his own words, "The *Spray*, as I sailed her, was entirely a new boat, built from a sloop which bore the same name, and which, it is said, had first served as an oysterman, about a hundred years on the coast of Delaware." Her dimensions, when finished, were thirty-six feet nine inches over all, fourteen feet wide, and four deep in the hold, her tonnage being about twelve and three-quarters.

Of Captain Slocum's many adventures we have no space to write. He was chased by pirates off the coast of Morocco, nearly lost his ship on South American shores; had several brushes with the savages of Terra del Fuego; and was lucky enough to save a great quantity of tallow from a wreck off Cape Quod. Perhaps the most thrilling chapter of the book is that in which he describes his "greatest sea adventure," or, in other words, his experiences of a tremendous gale in the vicinity of Cape Horn. It was after leaving the American coast that the writer began to feel his utter loneliness, but after a time the following wore off and never returned.

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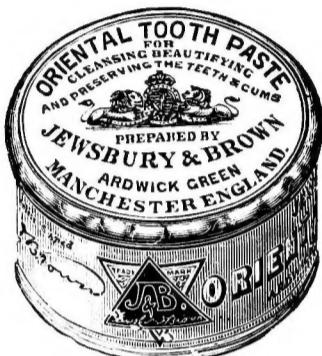
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